# The Mirror of Life

ACCURATE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE LEADING EVENTS OF THE DAY

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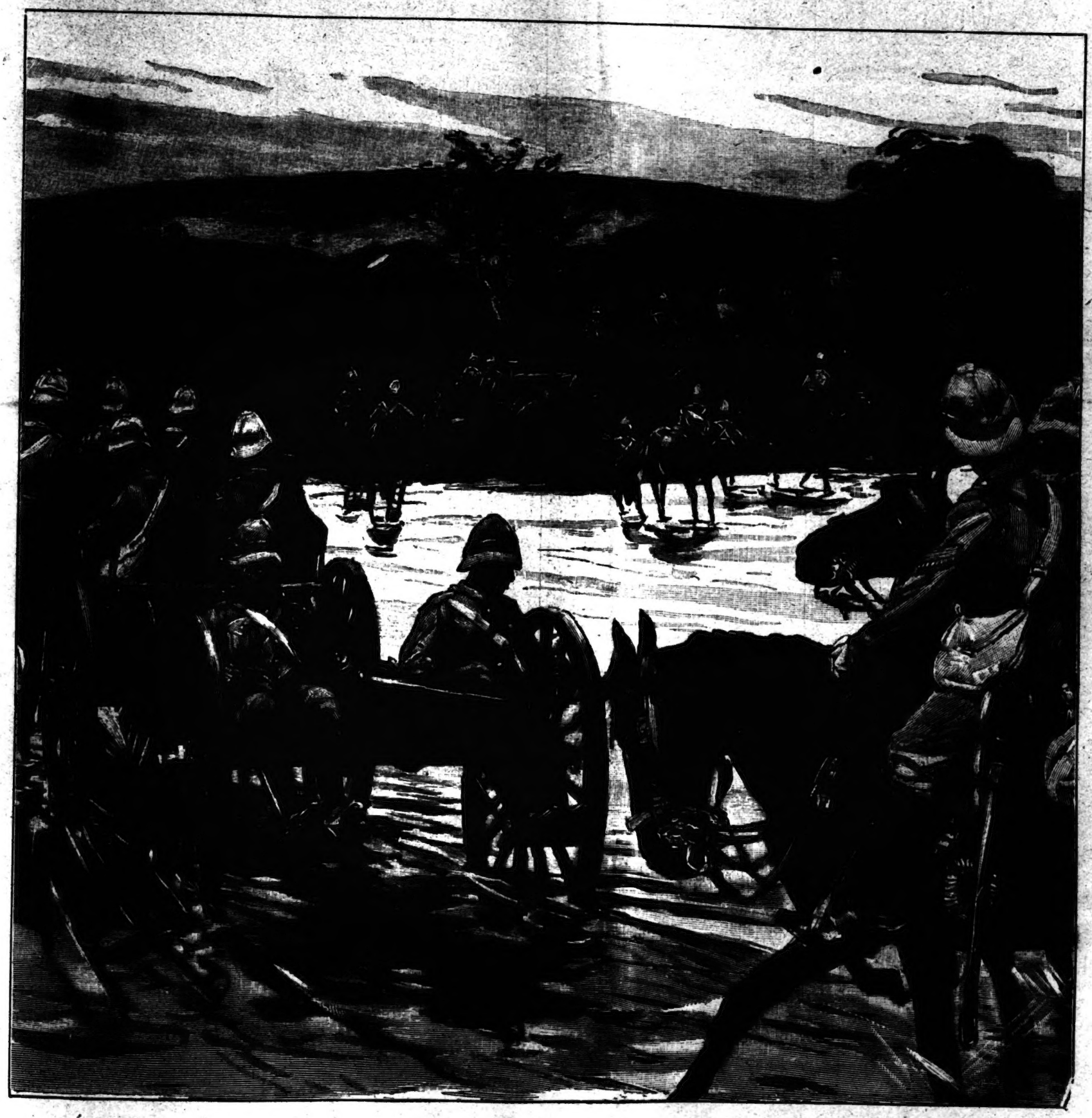
## LATEST WAR NEWS.



## WITH THE TROOPS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

**Guns and Cavalry Crossing the Vaal River in Pursuit of the Boers.**

The Mirror of Life
AUTHENTIC ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE CHIEF EVENTS OF THE DAY

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CORRESPONDENTS MUST WRITE ON ONE SIDE OF THE PAPER ONLY, OTHERWISE THEIR COMMUNICATIONS CANNOT BE INSERTED.

All communications must be accompanied by the sender's name and address to ensure absolute confidence, and addressed to the Editor, and no answers will be sent by post. "The Mirror of Life," Ltd., 172, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Peter McDonald.—We can only give you the years, 1890 and 1895.

Wag Ashley (Bermondsey).—George Dixon was born in Halifax, Nova Scotia, July 29, 1870.

Johnny Hughes (Boston).—"Toff" Wall and "Dido" Plumb have never met.

A. G.—1. It rests on the judgment of the referee. 2. Disqualification.

S. M. J.—J. Platt-Betts, 1min 39 2-5sec.

J. Norton.—In the Crystal Palace grounds.

R. J. Gamble.—O. Madden with 208 mounts.

W. Ray.—1. 692ft long, 83ft wide. 2. No, not the largest.

D. Alexander.—Tom Jackling, 1785.

G. H. White.—He played in the team on both occasions.

J. Gill.—J. Higgins, of Shadwell, won the cup outright with three successive wins.

T. Adams.—1. A dumb-bell weighing 56lb. 2. A dumb-bell of 21b would be sufficient.

C. Barber.—Tom Burrows swung the clubs for thirty hours without cessation.

W. Davenport.—He is an amateur.

R. W. J.—They are brothers.

Oak.—With the Imperial Yeomanry in South Africa.

F. D.—Twice only.

Zan.—1 Six ran. 2. Marasquin. 3. Evens.

S. B.—1. M. Cannon rode Newhaven when he won the City and Suburban. 2. Seventeen ran.

G. Lenwood.—They all participated on equal terms.

Phil.—1. The steamship Paris ran aground on the Manacles, May 21, 1899. 2. Towed off and saved.

N. P.—London to Paris is 287 miles.

U. N.—Miss A. Beckwith swam 20 miles in the Thames in 6 hours 25 minutes.

T. W. A. Wright.—1. Invincible 11. with 7st 5lb. 2. O. Madden.

E. Thorp.—1. Burnley lost. 2. No goals.

J. E. T.—1. One from London, the other from Newcastle-on-Tyne. 2. Yes.

D. O.—11ft 6in. by R. Dickinson.

C. B.—A matter of taste.

L. Joy.—Twenty rounds, at the National Sporting Club.

R. Munster.—1. As you enter the course from the town the judge's box is on the left. 2. You lose.

W. Tossen.—The Epsom Meeting extends to four days.

R. A.—1. Jem Jeffries defeated Bob Fitzsimmons in 11rds for world's championship. 2. At Coney Island on June 9.

T. Gaines.—Frank Erne, of Buffalo, won light-weight championship from "Kid" Lavigne in 20rds.

J. A. Moon.—With 6oz gloves.

T. Bailey.—1. Not Wales. 2. He is a native of Bristol.

A. Cooper.—1. Trained at Brighton. 2. Broadstairs.

S. S. David.—1,500 miles in 1,000 hours was completed by William Gale, October 6, 1877.

W. Gaston.—Molineaux, the black, fought Tom Cribb twice, and was defeated on both occasions by the English champion.

H. M.—W. G. George ran a mile in the fastest time, 4min 12¼sec.

D. Halman.—We should be pleased to see you and receive them.

E. B. (Airdrie).—Bobby Dobbs trained for his match with Pat McDonald, of Glasgow, at the Ballot Box, near Harrow, then proprietored by his backer, W. Ecclestone ("Jolly Jumbo").

Newbridge (Mon.).—No. Only the Buffs and the City of London Militia.

A. Several (Rotherham).—A *man*.

W. Williams (Aberbeeg, Mon).—James J. Corbett was born in San Francisco, California, September 1, 1866.

*(Several Answers crowded out.)*

# THE FAILURE OF THE PLUMB v. MORGAN MATCH.

## A CHAT ABOUT WELSH BOXERS AND FIGHTERS.

## THE TOMMY HOGAN v. BEN JORDAN MATCH.

## THE "PEDLAR" PALMER v. HARRY WARE CONTEST.

## THE BIG CHAMPIONSHIP FIGHT FIXED FOR FRIDAY NEXT.

We wrote last week of the match between "Dido" Plumb and Billy Morgan as though this contest was an accomplished fact. Knowing the character of Billy Morgan we should not have been so premature had it not been for the letter from Harry Hughes which we published. On Wednesday "Dido" Plumb, in company with his trainer, Johnny Hughes, called at The Mirror of Life and informed us that articles had been forwarded to Stockport for Morgan's signature, that the manager of the National Sporting Club had telegraphed to Morgan, but that worthy could not be found. Harry Hughes promptly deposited his "century" on behalf of "Dido," while Billy Morgan was unrepresented in person or in quids. If talk would make a champion, those who have heard Morgan hold forth will aver that Jem Jeffries was not too high up in the fistic world for his consideration, while his proposition to box "Dido" Plumb at 10st 10lb was but a game of bluff, Morgan thinking that Plumb could not get down to the weight. "Dido," who is part-proprietor of the Stack Rock, South Hornsey, had bidden good-bye to his customers, wired to the show at Portsmouth, where he recently trained for his contest with Jemmy Ryan, and having received an affirmative reply as regards training quarters, Johnny Hughes journeyed up from Boston in Lincolnshire only to find that bluffing and not boxing was the Welshman's game. We are glad for the credit of Wales to say that boxers are not all Billy Morgans. We have only to mention such men as Johnny O'Brien, the late David St. John, Patsey Perkins, and hosts of others to show that the orthodox Welshman is not deficient in pluck. Morgan had to forfeit on a recent occasion when he poisoned his hand when using his fist in a most discreditable manner. In the history of pugilism no more scientific or gamer fighter ever entered the ring than Ned Turner, the Welshman. Ned Turner in his prime beat the best men in the Fancy, such as Scroggins, Cy. Davis, Jack Martin, Josh Hudson, and Jack Curtis (fatal), while he was only defeated by Jack Randal, the Nonpareil; and Jack Randal had such a large order to execute when he defeated Ned Turner that the next offer on the part of Turner to Jack was declined with thanks. We say that Turner was never defeated while in his prime. Unfortunately, like many boxers, Turner took his pitcher to the well too often and was eventually defeated by Pearce Inglis, a Bermondsey feather-bed maker, who could not have lived with Turner when the latter was in his prime. While on the subject of Welsh fighters there is one still alive who was once champion of the light-weights, who, like old Bendigo, is now doing his fighting in the service of the Lord. This is no less a personage than Dan Thomas, the Welshman who beat such men as Brooks, of Norwich, Charley Lynch, the American, Bill Gillam, and fought a draw with the famous Joe Nolan, of Birmingham. Early in his career, somewhere about 1855, Dan Thomas was defeated by "Duck" Ingram, a Birmingham boxer, who was afterwards "boated" (transported) for some offence, and who fought Abe Hicken in Australia ("Duck" always used to aver that he was innocently convicted). Well, when Dan Thomas was defeated by Ingram he came to London, and for a long time, although showing extra cleverness at Nat Langham's sparring school, languished for a match. At length a gentleman farmer, who used Ould Nat's, with more money than sense, found the needful for Dan to fight Brooks, of Norwich, in which battle Dan was successful. Long after Dan was coming over one of the metropolitan bridges in company with a pal, when the soi disant gentleman farmer passed, looking in the last stage of destitution. "Do you know who that is that just passed?" said the pal. "Yes," said Dan, "I saw him; he did look bad; *but why didn't he keep his money when he had it!*"

Although no doubt the patrons and members of the National Sporting Club would have liked to have seen something of larger growth perform in the Derby week, and failing a couple of middles have to take on with the feathers, a good substitute for "Dido" Plumb and Billy Morgan will be found in the match between Tommy Hogan and Ben Jordan. Tommy Hogan will have to pull up his boot if he wishes to pass the scale at 8st 12lb before the end of this month. Not but that we think under the old drastic system, when men were brought to the scratch with their skins fitting them so tight that you could not take a pinch from any part of their anatomy, this could be done, as bigger men than Tommy Hogan have fought much under 8st 12lb. In the old days of training if a man was matched for a "pony" (£25) he usually had six weeks' training, the trainer first of all hieing to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and filling a full-sized brandy bottle with purging medicine. The patient was so purged that he became as clean as an Ostend rabbit in a cheesemonger's shop, and then, after depletion, he was, so to speak, built up. A ten miles (five miles out and five miles home) walk with six suits of flannels, the shower bath, hand rubbing, sprinting, skipping rope, and dumbbell exercise, with only one quart of fluid per diem in six weeks, brought the man into such a condition that he felt as buoyant as a cork. Why, if the old-fashioned trainer could see the menu of the boxer of the present day he would faint. Only last week we read of two boxers training for an important advertised match going away to train for *a week!* Ben Jordan is one of those careful, abstemious fellows who are always fit. Ben can never be seen to an advantage in two or three rounds. The Bermondsey boy requires a long journey. Tommy White, a famous American boxer whom Jordan met at the N.S.C. some three years ago, was winning hands down up to the eighteenth round when he fell weak, and then Jordan sailed in. There was not much in the match between Tommy Hogan and Bill Chester as far as gauging Hogan's form. Hogan had nothing in front of him capable of extending the lad, so therefore he may not have played some of his best boxing tricks. This Hogan and Jordan match should prove doubly interesting. Spectators will have an opportunity of seeing whether Ben Jordan has gone off or improved, and whether Tommy Hogan exhibited his true form in his match with Bill Chester. Altogether the match should be a most interesting one.

Although the contest between Ben Jordan and Tommy Hogan will, to a certain extent, be an international match, and the third of that description in which Ben Jordan has been engaged, the contest between "Pedlar" Palmer and Harry Ware will take premier rank. "Pedlar" Palmer to a certain extent has been a gold mine to the N.S.C. The Poplar boy has never stood up within the roped enclosure when the "house" did not represent some thousands—not in spectators, but in sterling coin. The match under notice will be a very interesting one. Both "Pedlar" Palmer and Harry Ware have defeated Billy Plimmer twice. Palmer at nineteen years of age, when Plimmer was decidedly more like the Billy Plimmer of old, defeated the Brum with consummate ease. We are afraid "Pedlar" Palmer will never again reach the pitch of perfection he displayed while in his teens, and we well know, having examined the lad prior to the battle, that "Pedlar," when he fought Plimmer on the first occasion, could have scaled well at 7st 10lb. Since Palmer was in his teens he has taken on the cares of domestic life; he is the father of a family, he has seen the lights out, and, like most successful pugilists, he has driven or ridden instead of walking. Harry Ware, on the other hand, has lived the life of a farmer's boy. He has made his home in the bosom of the family of Mr. Page at Holcot; and has gone to bed with the chickens and has risen with the lark. If the compound essence of strength should win a battle, why Harry Ware should walk home. That strength combined with a little science does get home was shown in the case of Terry McGovern. We all expected to see the "little box of tricks" impregnable at all points. We thought "Pedlar" Palmer was going to give the Yanks lessons in the art of first-class boxing, but, to the amazement of the English cognoscenti and the astonishment even of the supporters of Terry McGovern, "Pedlar"—our only real champion boxer—was defeated ere little over two minutes had expired. We do not think the Harry Ware v. "Pedlar" Palmer match will end as summarily as the above, but it will be interesting to note whether strength or science will prevail in the ring as pitched at the house in Covent Garden.

Next Friday is to be the evening of the eventful meeting between Jem Jeffries and Jem Corbett. Strange to say, this match does not cause any excitement, although the betting has opened, and there is plenty of money for Corbett. On form we cannot see how Corbett stands a chance in this contest, when we consider that Corbett was beaten by Fitzsimmons and Jeffries easily defeated the latter. Rumour has it that Jeffries is a long way above his weight; but we should not think it would pay Jeffries to enter the ring in an unprepared condition even if terms are arranged, as if Jem Jeffries is not up to high-water mark Corbett might put the double on and upset all calculation. The match may be straight enough, but we doubt it. Some pugilists are very superstitious, and if all was on the square would consider Friday a very unlucky day; but as a manager once said to a boxer who objected to fight on a Friday: "*If it's an unlucky day for you it must be equally unlucky for the other fellow.*"

# THE LADIES WITH THE SHORT SKIRTS WERE TOO MUCH FOR THEM.

**Some Turned Their Backs, While Others Left.**

*(Subject of Illustration.)*

It was promised to be a very quiet and select affair, but an alteration in the programme let in a couple of young ladies whose dancing and fantastic leg display put the goody-goody people to the blush, and many of them rose and turned their backs to the stage, while one of the feminine gender, of stronger mind, caught her husband by the ear, and, to the general astonishment, marched the gentleman out of the hall and away from an entertainment that was likely to affect his morals.

# BOXERS, WITH TRAINERS AND PROMOTERS.

**Walter Cooper, Tom Ireland, Jack Lewis (coloured), Eddie Pearce, and Joe Smith.**

*(With Portraits.)*

Walter Cooper assisted in Tom Ireland's training in his match with Harry Greenfield; and Eddie Pearce trained Jack Lewis for his engagement with Joe Ross, for the purse given by Joe Smith.

# VISITORS TO "THE MIRROR OF LIFE" OFFICE.

Among the prominent people who have visited us this week are:—Pat Traynor (the Irish comedian), Billy Gordon, Jack Lewis, Harry Day (canine fancier), Jem Barry (St. James's), Mr. F. Ling (Coach and Horses), Mr. Roberts (The Fountain), Joe Filkins, Ted Smith (the Epsom caterer), Alf Stanbrook (of Greenwich), Mr. Fales (of New York), Frank Turner, "Dido" Plumb (11st champion), Johnny Hughes (9st 8lb champion), Frank Exall (matched with Harry Slough), "Wag" Ashley, Ted Wood, Bill Shaw, G. Smith, Bill Chester, F. Pascoe, Ted Pritchard, Charles De Courcey, Esq. (Lawrence, Mass., U.S.A.), Mr. C. Woodman, Ted Smith, and J. O'Mahoney, Esq. (Lawrence, Mass., U.S.A.)

# OUR LETTER BOX.

Letters are lying at our office for Bob Fitzsimmons (three), Ted Wakeham, Harry Ware, "Greek" George, J. Eden, R. H. Page, Charles Mitchell, P. J. King, Esq., P. Gorman, George Slark, Angus Griffo, Ernie Greaves, Dick Burge, Billy Ross, Billy Plimmer, C. McCoy, H. Chance Newton, Driver Pincher, Jem Corbett, George Fox Giles, Claude Thompson, Jem Hall, Frank Kempton, James E. Donegan, Jem Holloway, Sam Fitzpatrick, Frank Leon (two), John F. White (three), Bobby Dobbs (two), Bill Nolan, Mike Flynn, and "Dido" Plumb.

# LATEST WAR NEWS.

## THE ADVANCE.

## FORCING A PASSAGE OVER THE VET.

## FIGHTING THE RETREATING BOERS.

So far as the central advance is concerned, there is but little fresh news to hand this morning, though a despatch from Lord Roberts solves the Thaba N'chu puzzle by announcing the Boer retreat from the position there and its subsequent occupation by Rundle.

After the occupation of Brandfort, the advance was resumed at daybreak last Saturday, and a march of close on twenty miles made on that day to the banks of the Vet River.

Our scouts found the Boers holding a drift across the Vet River, and a sniping action began, which lasted until the arrival of Hutton's Mounted Infantry Brigade from the west, when the enemy crossed the river with all their transport and spread along the hill on the northern bank.

The Australians and New Zealanders were the first to open fire on the enemy, but elicited no reply until they had got within 300yd of the river, and then the Boers opened a fusillade upon them.

The enemy were strongly posted on some hills to the east. The Canadian and Australian Mounted Infantry drove a commando, under General Lukas Meyer, from their position in the river bed, regardless of a heavy shell and rifle fire. The operation enabled them to turn the enemy's right.

Our formation and dispositions otherwise were: Major-General Hutton, with the mounted infantry, was on the left, General Pole-Carew's Division was in the centre, with General Maxwell's Brigade on the right. Our troops advanced in shirmishing order, and an artillery duel went on. The enemy had eight guns in action.

This artillery duel began at three o'clock in the afternoon, the Naval guns being posted in the centre, and lasted until dusk, when Hutton forced the passage.

The Boer artillery practice during the duel is described by all the correspondents as marvellously accurate, yet it did little or no damage.

The Boer guns were posted on some ridges across the river, and found the range with great accuracy, and threw several shells among our artillery. One gun was hit, and it became necessary to retire the infantry firing line for a while.

By five o'clock, however, thanks to the Naval guns, it became evident that the enemy's position was shaken. Their guns were being moved, and horsemen could be seen riding along the sky line.

Our infantry were not engaged. On the right the mounted infantry under Colonel Ridley made a demonstration as if to turn the enemy's flank, but the heaviest fighting took place on the left, where General Lukas Meyer's commando was entrenched in the river bed in such a position as to bring our advance under a cross-fire of Maxim guns, rifles, and cannon. The Australians and Canadians, on whom devolved the duty of attacking, moved forward with the steady gallantry of seasoned veterans.

The Boers did not wait to make their closer acquaintance, but fled to a mountain beyond. From the position thus captured, General Hutton, with his mounted troops, was able to threaten the enemy's lines of retreat, and the Boers, who are very quick to realise a fact of that nature, retired in a body at sunset.

Lords Roberts and Kitchener directed the operations in person.

The Norfolks were the first to arrive, after a rapid march of twenty-two miles.

The mounted infantry, under Hutton, occupied a front of ten miles. This gives a good idea of what modern war means.

Our guns were stationed 2,000 yards from the river.

The enemy's guns were used merely to cover their withdrawal from their position.

The Boers used four Krupp and two Creusot guns.

The action lasted from one o'clock until dusk.

The Boers as they retreated were severely peppered with shrapnel and pom-poms. Of the latter we had six in action.

Siege guns took part in the bombardment.

A Boer patrol of 15 men was cut up before the general action began.

### OUR CAVALRY CUT UP THE GERMAN CONTINGENT.

The cavalry who "got home" were two squadrons of the 12th Lancers, the Blues, and the Composite Regiment. They found the Boer German contingent on Friday in the open, and made a splendid charge, getting in among the enemy, and doing great execution.

MASERU, May 7.

It is reported that there are now several thousand Free State Boers within an area extending over about fifteen miles formed by a semi-circle drawn from Thaba Patchoa Mountain, skirting the eastern side of Thaba N'chu Hill, and thence round through Koranaberg to Ficksburg.

Within this area are collected great herds of cattle. The district is also rich in pasture and foodstuffs for men and horses. There are also several mines and there is plenty of water.

It is generally believed that the Free Staters in this district are disinclined to move northwards or to cross into the Transvaal. Such a force, however, unless broken up, is very menacing to the British line of advance to the Vaal River.

## A TALE TOO DREADFUL TO HEAR.

**Husband Tries to Close His Wife's Ears.**

*(Subject of Illustration.)*

"BE sure your sins will find you out"; not only find you out, but, like Mr. Jasper Bryant, his wife unwittingly also became aware of her husband's irregularities. At quite an unexpected moment a bolt from the blue fell at his threshold when the girl he had forsaken made her appearance and demanded some explanation of his conduct. His wife was present, and was shocked to hear of her husband's depravity, and he, to save the situation if possible, put his hands to her ears so that she could not hear the damaging truth told against him, but divorce proceedings are said to be shortly on tap.

## HE GAVE HIS WIFE AN UNPLEASANT SURPRISE.

**The Skeleton, with a Ticket, Lay on the Bedside Beside Her.**

*(Subject of Illustration.)*

A PRACTICAL joke to serve a useful purpose was played upon a lady recently. Her husband, who was an artist, had in his studio a skeleton, and as his wife had a nagging tongue he decided to give the lady a fright, so he secretly introduced the bony subject to the bedside with a card tied to the elbow, on which was written: "You'll wear any man living to this—I am gone!" Of course, the wife was horrified when on awaking she found herself in such undesirable company, and screamed as her husband laughingly opened the door.

## THOMAS LANSDOWN,

**A Clever and Successful Jockey who has Ridden Winners in all Parts of India.**

*(With Portrait.)*

THIS well-known jockey of the East is a brother of "Wag" Lansdown, the ex-8st 8lb champion of the British Army, who is away at the front. Tom, the jockey, served his time with Oscar Dignum, the well-known trainer of Bangalore, Southern India. He has ridden all over India, Burmah, Ceylon, and Singapore. He got rather a bad fall last November in Kurrachee, and was advised to come home. After recruiting his health in England he intends to return to India about the beginning of July.

## MISS FLORENCE HALL.

**A Charming Lady who has Danced Herself into the Front Rank of Her Profession.**

*(With Portrait.)*

MISS FLORENCE HALL is a charming burlesque actress, comedienne, and vocalist, and has a popular hold upon her admirers, who are counted by thousands. This lady is touring in a special cast now appearing at the principal theatres in Canada, and will ere long return to England, previous to a long Continental engagement.

**THERE IS A VERY SMART PAIR** of comedians appearing this week at the Queen's Palace of Varieties, Poplar, viz.:—Condon and Preston, whose business savours very much of the well-known Tennyson and O'Gorman; but they do not rely solely on their quick singing and patter, but conclude their act with a splendid exhibition of top-boot dancing, which brings down the house. They are being well booked up by Messrs. Fuller and Hart, in whose hands their future career is assured.

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## AMERICAN GOSSIP.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

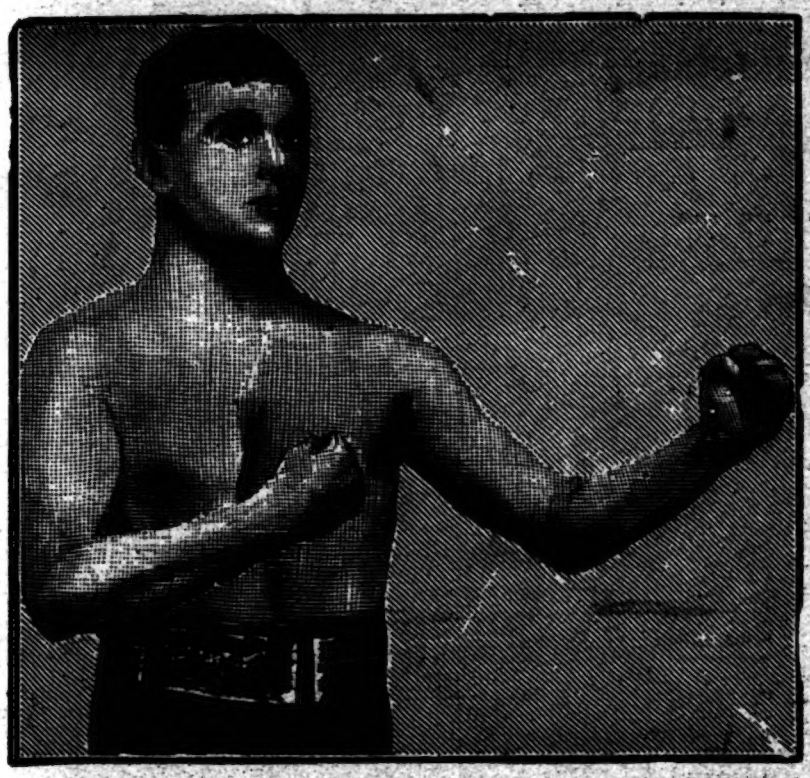
NEW YORK, April 28, 1900.

EDITOR, THE MIRROR OF LIFE, London.

THE Casino at Bergen Beach resounded with the biff and bang of the boxing-glove yesterday afternoon, and for a while the big building was turned into a temporary athletic club. Former Champion Bob Fitzsimmons is training at the Beach for his matches with Ed Dunkhorst and Gus Ruhlin, but he only commenced hard work three days ago. Jeff Thorne (Townsend, the ex-amateur middle and heavy-weight), the English professional middle-weight, who was brought to this country by Sam Fitzpatrick, is Bob's sparring partner. Fitz had an extra opponent in Jack Fallon, the old-time heavy-weight. The latter is a member of the Brooklyn police force, and has not been in the ring since 1893. He is on duty at the Beach. Alongside of the Cornishman's light yet muscular frame Fallon looked like a mountain of avoirdupois. He showed some of his old-time skill, however, was quick on his feet and got out of harm's way cleverly. They boxed three two-minute rounds and occasionally mixed it up in ginger fashion. Naturally Fallon at the wind-up was in distress, for Fitz could not fail to strike his stomach, which was so prominent. After a brief rest Bob then boxed with Thorne. It seemed as though the men were the bitterest enemies in the world, so rapid and vicious was the bout. They boxed, slugged, and wrestled as hard as if a purse depended on the result. They indulged in eight three-minute rounds with a rest of one minute between each round. During the "go" Thorne was dropped several times, but he was on his feet smartly and handed Fitz hot ones on the nose and mouth. Both were bleeding at the finish. Bob says that he fights Thorne as hard as if he were a rival in the ring. Although Fitz punched the bag for half an hour and tackled Fallon and Thorne he did not show the least sign of fatigue. He also did a lot of road work in the morning. He took a spin from his home to Bath Beach and back, a distance of over 14 miles. Then he had a rub down and a bath and lolled about until after noon. Fitz expects to defeat Dunkhorst handily on next Monday night at the Hercules A.C. Fitz said: "During the summer I intend to show my detractors that although I have lost the championship I still can fight. I am ready to box either Sharkey, Jeffries, or McCoy. As to my bout with Ruhlin, time will decide that. We will fight at the Westchester A.C., and you can gamble that we will put up a hot fight, too." By the way, Fitz has bought another lion. This is the second one the lanky pugilist has owned. His other lion was called Nero, and this will be probably named Nero II., in memory of other one, who died a disgraceful death. The first Nero was hanged, and the fighter has always suspected one of his trainers. Nero was fastened each night with a chain. One night he leaped over a railing and the next day he was buried, to the delight of all except Fitzsimmons. He will use the lion in leisure hours, and will in a short time undoubtedly have the animal gentle to him but vicious to every one else. There is nothing but chaos in the world of pugilism, and the managers of the various clubs would give many a pretty penny to know just where they are to land. They are the most optimistic fellows in the world, but mingled with their hopeful feelings is superstition second to none that ever clouded the mind of a cornfield negro. The inclination to imagine and see things is not the child of ignorance in this particular case. Fight clubs have their origin, prosperity, and fall with a political régime, even with the career of one politician, and are affected by every little intrigue. It is due to the fact that the graft is exceptionally good, and the wording of the Horton law and that of the section of the city charter governing licences is such as to give the Police Commissioners unusual latitude and discretionary powers. It is no wonder that the suppliants are occasionally put on the anxious bench. This time it looks to a man up a tree like boxing will be as dead as a salt mackerel after May 1. President York and Commissioners Abell and Hess have said most emphatically they will not vote favourably on any applications. If they mean what they say the jig is undoubtedly up, but club managers and prize-fighters, who issue signed statements and ultimatums before retiring and forget them before breakfast, can't believe the Commissioners are in earnest. The Bluffs are their daily bread, and, therefore, they expect to see them called. As a matter of fact the refusal to grant boxing licences finds little favour with sporting men, Wall Street men, or society men. They believe the game should be allowed to proceed until outlawed on September 1, and many of them will do what they can to induce the Police Commissioners to change their minds. A number of really excellent matches have been arranged for the near future, and every man of sporting inclinations would like to see them pulled off. Billy Brady, manager of Jem Jeffries, feels so confident that there is not a heavy-weight in the business that can beat his big protégé that he is ready now to arrange matches with all of them—namely, Sharkey, McCoy, Ruhlin, and Fitzsimmons. Brady was very enthusiastic when he made this statement, and said: "I cannot see where one of these big fellows has a chance of ever whipping Jeffries. I think Jeffries will make such short work of Jem Corbett that he will furnish the public with one of the greatest surprises. Immediately after that fight is over I will agree to let Jeffries fight 'Kid' McCoy the following night, Sharkey three weeks after the sailor fights McCoy, and Ruhlin three weeks after that fight. In regards to Fitzsimmons, I will let Jeffries fight him in August, but we must get 65 per cent. of the gross receipts, which he compelled us to give him when Jeff fought him. As I have said before, Jeffries is the master of all the heavy-weights, and I expect to see him beat Corbett in less than ten rounds. I wouldn't care to take the punching that Corbett will get from Jeffries. Jeff is sore on Corbett for the announcements he has frequently made that he used to knock out Jeffries every morning before he (Corbett) fought Fitzsimmons in Carson City." The McGovern-Warren fight left a bad taste in the spectators' mouths. They failed to digest such a flimsy, ridiculous hippodrome, and the experience will teach them to keep close tab on the form-sheet in the future. It was well that the Broadway management interfered when it did or the "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Second Childhood" would have interfered. Poor old man Warren was a wonder in his day, but he is pitiful now. "Kid" McCoy paid a visit to Corbett at Lakewood on Friday and was greatly impressed with the ex-champion's physical condition. The Hoosier crack early selected Corbett to win, and he is now more convinced than ever that he is on the right one. Jeffries is in excellent trim at Allenhurst. Frank Erne has quit the ring for good. At least he says so, and he generally does what he says he will. He has associated himself with Bob Smith and they are to make a book on the Jockey Club tracks. (? Will Erne re-enter the ring if the book goes wrong.) All details for a match between "Kid" McCoy and Tommy Ryan were completed yesterday and the bout will take place in Chicago on May 23. Although the contest cannot go beyond six rounds, a purse of 6,000dols has been offered. The weight question, which was the bone of contention all along, was easily overcome, both consenting to 158lb, weigh-in at six o'clock. The winner is to receive 5,000dols and the loser 1,000dols. McCoy is now in training at White Plains. He is also matched to box Jack McCormick in Philadelphia next Monday night. McCormick is the boxer who knocked the "Kid" out in two rounds at Chicago last year. The pair met since then and McCoy won in eight rounds at the Lenox A.C. "Australian Tim," a brother of the once cracker-jack boxer, "Australian Billy" Murphy, is the latest of foreign fistic importation to arrive in this country. He is in the West now, but will soon arrive in New York, where he will be looked after by Charlie Horan, the well-known manager. Horan will match Murphy against any 154lb man in the business. He holds the title at that weight in Australia. "Young" Griffo, the pugilist, has once again made up his mind to re-enter the ring. He is at the springs at West Baden, Indiana, with Billy Ware. He says he now weighs 140lb, but will reduce to 133lb and then issue a challenge to the light-weights. He thinks he is still good enough to tackle the best of them. Austin Rice, of New London, and Johnny Burns, of New York, fought twenty rounds before the Passaic County Athletic Club, Monday night. Rice displayed superior generalship, and in the exchanges generally held his own. It looked like a draw, but Eddie Dougherty, of the Greenwood, who officiated as referee, declared Rice the winner. Little Jemmie Michael, the idol of the cycle world, has decided to abandon horse-racing for ever, and go back to his first love, the wheel. With that object in view he called on Manager James C. Kennedy, of the American Cycle Racing Association, yesterday, and signed a contract to race for the coming season solely under his management. To-day the little rider will go to Waltham, Mass., order new wheels and pacing machines and go at once into active training. "I was tempted frequently to go back to the game last season," said Michael yesterday, "but after I had started the horses I made up my mind to give them a good trial. I believe that with constant practice I would soon earn brackets in the saddle, but the cycle fever struck me so strongly this spring that I could not resist the temptation any longer. I intend to train as hard, in fact, harder than ever before with a view of regaining the title of champion. I am young, strong, and healthy, and I am positive that I can follow the present style of pacing machines as fast as any of the record breakers of to-day. I ought to get in fairly good condition in about six weeks, and then it will be first come first served with me." The little chap spoke very enthusiastically of his prospects. He will secure a first-class trainer, the best pacing machines obtainable, competent crews, and prepare himself generally for a hard season's campaign. "Cash" Sloan, brother of Tod, has been refused a licence by the stewards of the Jockey Club.

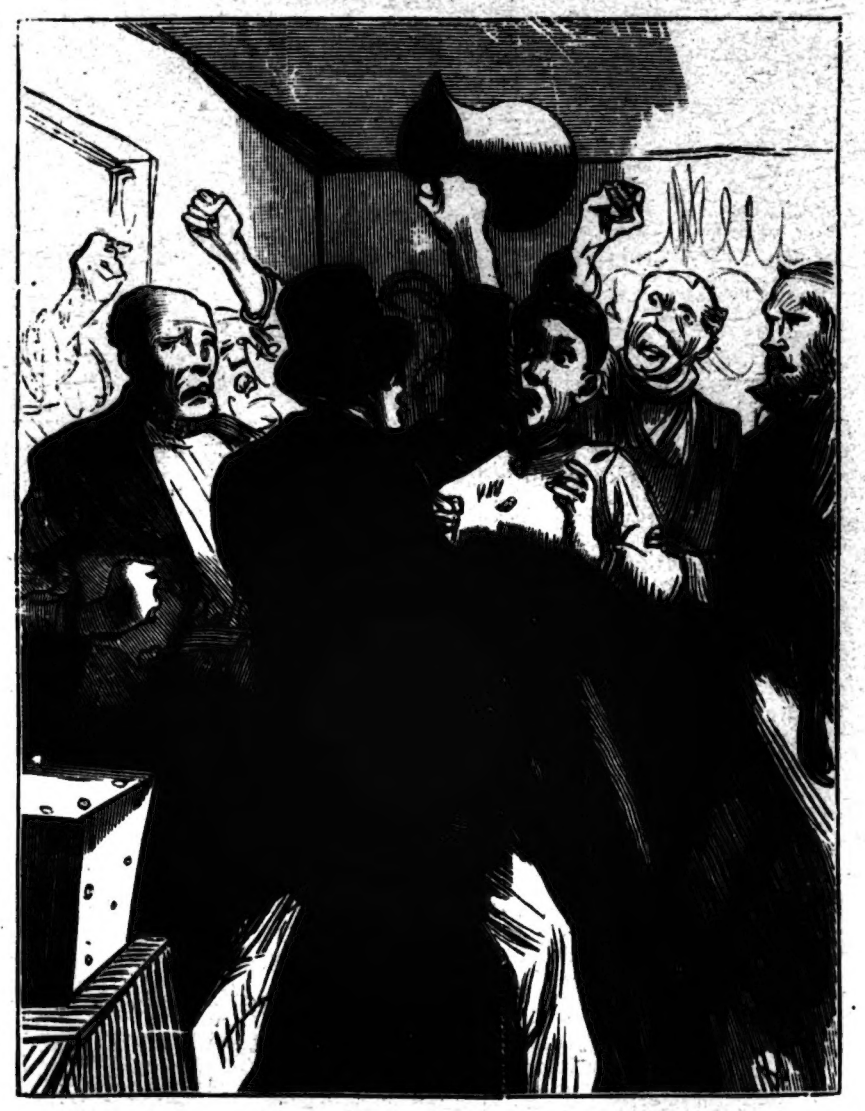
THE TATTLER

**MISS FLORENCE HALL,**
A Charming Lady who has Danced Herself Into the Front Rank of her Profession.



**TED MARLOW,**
Who Met Jack Woods at the National Sporting Club, Monday, May 7.

**LIVED A CAT AND DOG LIFE.**
The Husband Tried to Get a Separation Order.



**THEY FELL OUT AT THE WAKE,**
But Harmony was Restored when they Floored the Chief Mourner.

The Property of Capt. Petre, Madras Lancers, in the Punjaub.

THOMAS LANSDOWN,
A Clever and Successful Jockey, who has Ridden Winners in all Parts of India.

The Property of Capt. W. W. Warner, 3rd Lancers, Hyderabad Contingent.

The Property of Lieut. C. Winter, Royal Artillery, at Quetta.

A Favourite Arab Hack.

A WOMAN STABBED BY A QUARRELSOME SAILOR.
Two Men Charged with Nearly Killing her.

**THE TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS.**—The Prince of Wales' Race.—No victories can ever be quite so popular as those of horses carrying the Royal colours, and the cheering, which was started in very hearty fashion the moment that Jones, who rode Diamond Jubilee, drew out with the race in hand, was renewed more lustily than ever when the jockey passed the scale. He deserves every praise for the capital style in which he rode, making no attempt to be flash and draw things fine, and the Prince sent for him from the weighing-room and honoured him with a shake of the hand and a few words of congratulation. Never since McGregor won the Two Thousand Guineas in 1870 was the race won more easily. In appearance Diamond Jubilee made his compeers look like common hacks, and he was just as much their superior in racing. Rumour had credited the horse with being a "savage," but he turned out in the paddock a perfectly mannered animal, neither attempting to eat the stable boy who led him, or the jock (Jones) who rode him. It is a good many years ago since we visited the stables at Epsom of the late John Jones, the father of Herbert Jones. John Jones then trained steeplechasers for the Prince of Wales, and as we sat at the window to see the Prince of Wales pass in company with Mr. Jones this very boy Herbert was introduced to us, and it was prognosticated by the fond mother that he would prove Archer No. 2.

**LONDON ATHLETIC CLUB'S TEN** Miles Challenge Cup.—It was in 56min 42 4-5sec that E. H. Lloyd, the Thames Hare and Hounds short-distance challenge cup holder, won the L.A.C. ten miles challenge cup at Stamford Bridge last Wednesday evening. That was rather faster than the time in which he won last year. E. J. Wilkins, a well known Ranelagh Harrier and steeplechase ex-champion, was second, in 57min 11 4-5sec; and E. S. Ward, who also holds the club's two miles cycling challenge cup, third, in 57min 13sec.

**THE JEWISH SOLDIERS OF THE** Queen and the Netherlands Club.—The well-known Jewish East-end club, The Netherlands, is well represented at the front, having a number of its members fighting their country's cause away down south. Some have been wounded, and if one of the members can only succeed in gaining the V.C. there will be a rare time in Spitalfields. One pleasant method of dealing with our red and blue jackets is dealt with here, as all in uniform are permitted in the club, and during the time they are in the club are recognised as honorary members. A disabled Seaforth Highlander was present a short time ago, told the tale of the first battle, and how after being hit three times he lay upon the field for two days until taken to the hospital.

**A BIG NIGHT FOR SKITTLE** Players.—Mr. Issy Mendoza, host of the Anchor and Hope, Brook Street, Ratcliff, is the right man in the right place, and has been making things hum to a merry tune down East, Issy being a grand supporter of everything in the sporting world, and own brother, backer, and trainer to that clever light-weight boxer, George Mendoza. A few weeks back we gave a full report of a marvellous game of skittles, when that well-known player, Jem Baker, undertook, for a purse of gold, to knock down 140 skittles, with four men standing on the frame, in twenty throws, which he won by downing 142. Issy, being a go-ahead sort, determined to give his patrons another eye-opener, and offered the old champion a large sterling silver cup and shade if he would undertake to beat his record. The famous Jem consented to have a cut for the prize, and also offered to put in a little extra in the shape of having two throws with five and two throws with six men on the frame. Mendoza has had large and extensive alterations added since our last visit, the ground being the handsomest in London, splendidly decorated and adorned with choice ferns, and flags of all nations being hung with great taste, which gave a very attractive appearance. The seating accommodation is of the very best and most elaborate, every person having an uninterrupted view of the contest from start to finish, but on our representative arriving there, Baker was on hand with his backer, Charley Crockett, but owing to severe illness was unable to perform. Nothing daunted, that brave old warrior, Joe Haggett, after a little chipping from Bill Higgins, host of the Scotch Stores, Whitefriars Street, Fleet Street, E.C., who offered to lay the evergreen £10 to £5 that he could not beat Baker's record with four men selected from the company. Joe accepted the wager with the proviso that he had three throws as a feeler. Joe had two throws and was very confident as to his doing the trick. The whole of the money was duly staked in the hands of the referee, old Joe Farrell, appointed by the THE MIRROR OF LIFE, and then the fun commenced. The veteran Haggett, being in tip-top form, rattled off throw after throw in splendid style, and we append the result of each throw as duly taken by the referee, the result being as follows:—First throw, 8, 7, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 7, 9, 4, 6, 8, 7, 9, 8, 9, 7, 8, 9, he beating Baker's record, 142, by 12 skittles, his total score being 154 in twenty throws. At the finish Joe came in for a splendid ovation, and none was more heartily given than by Bill Higgins himself. Joe Haggett has been a grand lover of the game of knock 'em down all his life, was born August 11, 1824, he consequently being seventy-five years of age. The stakes will be paid over to the winner at a smoking concert at above to-night (Wednesday). Amongst the large company present were Bill Higgins, Harry Avis, Sam Skinner, Sam West, Geo. Mendoza, Arthur Ames, Bill Pass, of Peabody Arms, Tom Ward, Mike Sheen, Bob Plummer, G. Edmonson, Mike Carney, Dick and Jack Manning, Bill Clark, Jem Smith, and Jem McGregor. At the conclusion of the match a smoker was held. Mrs. Mendoza and charming Lizzie greatly distinguished themselves by their rendering of operatic selections. Mr. Mast was a painstaking pianist. Jem Baker will make an attempt to beat Joe Haggett's record in two weeks time, of which due notice will be given in these columns. The arrangements were all that could be desired, and were well carried out under the personal superintendence of the proprietor.

**SWIMMING.—W. ROGERS v. W.** Jones for £4.—In accordance with articles previously drawn up these opponents met at the Goulston Street Baths, Aldgate, on the evening of the 3rd to swim the distance of 100 yards. Jones, who is a member of the London Salvage Corps, is a fine athletic young fellow, has served nine years in H.M. Navy, stands 5ft 9in and weighs 11st 10lb; consequently, considering his arduous duties, he is always practically fit. Rogers, who hails from Messrs. Furze's Brewery, is a well-made fellow. He has served in the army both here and abroad, thus making the match more interesting. Master William R. fell a bit sick (straight he was ill). So on Tuesday he told Harry Carrington that he should have to forfeit. Well, Harry, who likes to see sport carried out to its best, suggested that he should give Jones a bit of gold, postpone the match, and increase the stakes. However, like the female sex he changed his mind, and a body of sportsmen (good men and true) was at the United Brothers Club for "Caustic." So off we went to the baths. Bill whispered in our ear, "I'm going to swim although I'm bad, and I'll do my best and give him some trouble. I reckon he will win, but I hope he'll give me another chance. There was a very marked difference in the twain as they appeared on the board. Jones looked fit. Rogers, to the surprise of all, was first off the board and cut out the pace, at the first half length he was well to the front by half-a-yard. The salvage man must now have thought "I'd better have a try!" and he did! But Bill still went merrily on; both were trying. Then came an interesting and exciting race; first the Army and then the Navy—the pace was a cracker. Rogers collapsed when there was a quarter of a length to go, and the "handy man" was the winner. Of course we adjourned and gargled; the winner behaved in a most sportsmanlike manner to his opponent. Harry Carrington was referee, and a fresh match will be made.

**MATCH FOR A SCORE. — THE** attraction at the Wellington Grounds, Bury, on Saturday, was a wrestling match, in which the contestants were R. Fitton, of Besses o' the Barn, and J. Roberts, of Clifton. The conditions were to contest the best of three back-falls in the Lancashire style for a purse of £22. Three hundred persons were present, and betting was 5 to 4 on Fitton. The affair was fairly even, but Fitton for the most part forced the work, but Roberts evaded being thrown, and after wrestling 48min it was mutually agreed to call the match a draw. Jack Eckersley, of Westhoughton, officiated as referee.

**WHITSUNTIDE WRESTLING. — ONE** of the most interesting events on the programme for this year's gathering will be the District Belt Championship. During last summer twenty-five belts were given by the association for wrestling competitions amongst lads at various country sports, and the last four in each of these competitions are eligible for the championship final at Carlisle. There will also be a "picked men" competition for all weights this year, and the giants of the ring, who were debarred by the conditions on the last occasion, will thus have a chance afforded them of showing their prowess under the auspices of the new association.

**WRESTLING. — TWO HUNDRED** persons gathered at the Higginshaw Grounds, Oldham, on Saturday, to witness a wrestling match, in the Lancashire style, between Joseph Shaw, of Waterhead, and William Barker, of Lees. The conditions were to contest the best of three back-falls for £20. Betting was 5 to 4 on Shaw. Although the favourite had the best of matters at the start, Barker eventually got behind and gained first throw after nine minutes' time. The second bout lasted seven minutes, Barker cross-buttocking Shaw and thus winning the match.

**BILLIARDS. — A HANDICAP WILL** commence upon Saturday next at the United Brothers Club, Plough Street, Commercial Road, for two handsome prizes. Mr. Lewis is again the handicapper. He has had no easy task, taking into consideration the close play on the last occasion, when "Count" Gardner won, when the volatile "Teddy" Sewell was the favourite. Well, we'll see how they go this time. Jack Levey, right on the back mark, might be on the premises—who knows? We don't want to tip, but the outsider, "Dave" Arkley, might run close on his last form. "Caustic" (MIRROR OF LIFE) is the referee, and W. Rose (trustee) is score taker. There will be a tight go.

**UNITED BROTHERS CLUB.—THIS** well-known club down East is now affiliated to the Union, and will be carried on upon the strictest lines. Harry J. Carrington, who is now the permanent secretary, would be pleased to welcome visitors, to make new members, and see old friends and brothers, and so become more united. Bill Rose, Tommy Neil, and Jack Catherina (the trustees) would like to see some friends from the Surrey side, and give them a cordial welcome at this cosy little show.

## GREAT FIRE AT OTTAWA, CANADA.

**Over a Million Sterling Damage Done and Thousands of People Homeless. The Loss of Life Appalling. Firemen Have Lost Their Lives in the Destruction.**

*(Subject of Illustration.)*

STARTING in the city of Hull, in the province of Quebec, the fire spread across the river and ignited several extensive mills, destroying a vast quantity of lumber. Carried by a strong wind, the flames have enveloped large areas of the poorer quarter of Ottawa, causing wholesale devastation, and rendering thousands of families homeless. The loss is already estimated at upwards of a million sterling. The militia were called out to assist the firemen. The Parliament Buildings are apparently safe, but in view of the appalling extent of the calamity Parliament has adjourned. The population of Ottawa is between 60,000 and 70,000, and the bulk of the people are engaged in the lumber and wood-working industries, the latter being largely pursued in the poorer section of the city. This is also the case at Hull, on the opposite side of the river, where over a hundred houses have already been destroyed. The efforts of the firemen there to check the extent of the catastrophe proved altogether futile, the flames leaping the river and burrowing among the lumber stacks and the old wooden wharves on the Ottawa shore. The flames have caught and destroyed carriages and waggons in the streets, and terrible scenes have been witnessed as their occupants endeavoured to escape.

## A WOMAN STABBED BY A QUARRELSOME SAILOR.

**Two Men Charged with Nearly Killing Her.**

*(Subject of Illustration.)*

Two Danish sailors, named Carl Hertson and George Christensen, are between them nearly answerable for the death of a countrywoman of their own. During the course of a quarrel, in which both were armed, the woman tried to separate the men from each other, and fell severely wounded in the side, and is not expected to recover. The men are at present in custody, and both deny inflicting the wound, the woman being unable to say in whose hand the weapon was which caused the disaster.

## NAT SMITH,

**Who met Jack Gibson at the Standard Theatre, Gateshead, Monday Evening, May 7.**

*(With Portrait.)*

NAT SMITH, who is a carpenter by trade, is a boxer first and a carpenter afterwards. "Natty" won several prizes; was successful in winning a handsome bicycle as his club prize, and several open competitions. "Natty" entered for all the principal amateur boxing events before he turned pro. "Natty," on December 14, 1896, won the German Gymnastic gold medal; beaten by Bill Wood, of Clapton, 4rds; beat Harry Harry, of Bristol 18rds; beaten by Jack Roberts, 20rds; beat Harry Maurer in 8rds; beaten by Will Curley, 20rds; met Jack Gibson at the Standard Theatre, Gateshead, Monday, May 7, and was defeated in 14rds.

## LOST AND FOUND.

"I CALLED in answer to an advertisement for a boy," said a bright-faced little chap to Mr. Goldstein, the mill owner, who was a bulky, red-faced man. He was about to leave his private carriage to enter the office when thus accosted. With him was a golden-haired little girl, who listened to the boy with eager interest. "Well, how old are you and where have you been working?" said the mill owner, looking at the lad sharply. "I came from the country, sir, where my mother and I worked in a small mill since father died. Now she is gone and so I came here to the big city hoping to find a better job." "Well, you are too young, and a boy that don't know the city is of no use to me. My advice is to go back to your former home," said Goldstein in a tone of dismissal of the subject, then he turned to his driver and said: "Take Miss Alice where she wants to go." The boy—Philip Martin by name—felt a lump rise in his throat, and with a discouraged feeling walked listlessly down the thoroughfare. He had no home or friends and no shelter. Furthermore, he had spent nearly all his money in getting to the city. While meditating on what should be his next move he felt a gentle touch upon his arm and heard a sweet, low, childish voice say: "Never mind, here's a card with the name of my uncle on it, and he will give you work." Turning he saw again the face of the mill owner's daughter, Alice Goldstein. "It is all right," said she, "and never mind thanking me. I'd like the same thing happen to Will—that's my brother—if he was alone in a big city." Philip opened the paper containing the card and inside was a bright new half-a-crown. So unexpected was it all that as soon as the little Samaritan departed he burst into tears, whereupon some little fellows in passing called him "cry baby." Feeling very tired he sat down on one of the park seats intending to seek Alice's uncle when he had recovered his mental balance. He fell fast asleep and when he awoke the parcel which he brought from home containing a valuable recipe, a bible and his mother's photo had disappeared. Gradually, however, he thought of the little girl, of the card which bore the name of a possible employer and of his empty stomach. The thought of her and half-a-crown brought hope and comfort, so he proceeded to a restaurant and had his first square meal since arriving in the city. On leaving the place he again saw the Goldstein carriage and the fair Samaritan, who beckoned him to her side, and, much to his astonishment, held up the missing parcel, which had been stolen from him while asleep. Twenty years have passed since Philip Martin and Alice Goldstein met. During that time Phillip secured a good position and took up a study of medicine. He was now a prosperous physician, and one night was called into consultation, the case being that of a young man dying in squalor. As he entered the room his eyes met those of a beautiful young woman, who rose and extended both hands appealingly to him. "Do you not remember me?" said she; "do you not recall your first attempt to secure work in London." "Ah, indeed I do. Can this be the little Samaritan who saved me from despair? I tried in vain to keep track of you, but they told me you were travelling and I fancied you had settled down in married life. Maybe it is so:" "No," said she, "and I've done better by you, for I've followed your career these many years, and congratulate you on your great success with the Little Diamond Liver Pills." The doctor then listened to the painful story of the patient, who was the brother of Alice—the "black sheep of the family," who from boyhood had been alienated from his father and sister, was reinstated for awhile in his father's good graces, but later, through speculation, brought financial ruin and a suicide's end for the father. Dainty Alice, who had been supporting herself by teaching music, discovered his whereabouts, but too late, for he was at death's door. Dr. Martin on taking his leave said: "By the way, tell me how you found the parcel that day." "Well, I kept you in sight and so witnessed the act of the thief, and Jim, the coachman, made him give it up." As they stood talking Alice's eye fell on an old coin and a ring worn on the doctor's chain. The doctor read her thoughts and said: "Yes, that's the same coin, and it has been indeed a charm! There is my mother's photo, and, as you know, the recipe for the Little Diamond Liver Pills have saved many lives and reaped a fortune." They parted, but not before Alice's consent was given to his future calls, which resulted six months later in Dr. Martin's marriage to fair Alice. Prepared by the Little Diamond Liver Pill Co., 68, Stanmore Road, West Green, London, N. **Price 1s. 1½d., per box of forty.—[Advt.]**

## EVENTS TO COME.

THE following contests will take place during May:—

MAY 10.—At the Glengall Gymnasium: Bill Higgins and Charley Pendley's great special night: Ted Knight v. Angus Griffo, ten rounds; Frank Exall v. Harry Slough, eight rounds; "Ginger" Owen v. Charley Smirks, eight rounds; Jem Quinn v. Bill Calder, six rounds; also 9st Professional Competition.

MAY 11.—At the New Adelphi Club, Maiden Lane, Strand, Grand Boxing Entertainment.

MAY 14.—At the Stalybridge Gymnastic Club, Pat Gibbons v. W. Leith, fifteen rounds; C. Powner v. J. Hines, eight rounds; W. Owen v. J. Bowker, ten rounds; also 8st 4lb Novices' Competition.

MAY 14.—At the National Sporting Club, Covent Garden, Ivor Thomas v. Harry Chamberlain, fifteen rounds; also 10st Novices' Competition.

MAY 21.—At the National Sporting Club Covent Garden, Tom Woodley v. George Penny, ten rounds; also Heavy-weight Novices' Competition.

MAY 28.—At the National Sporting Club, "Pedlar" Palmer v. Harry Ware, fifteen rounds; Great International Contest, Tommy Hogan (America) v. Ben Jordan (England), fifteen rounds; Bill Wood v. George Cunningham, ten rounds, and other boxing.

## BOXING AT THE NATIONAL SPORTING CLUB.

### TED MARLOW, OF STRATFORD, WINS IN THREE ROUNDS. J. GUYON, "WAG" ASHLEY, AND T. GRIFFIN GET DECISIONS IN THEIR FAVOUR.

**FOR AN OFF-NIGHT THE ATTENDANCE** was well up to the average, and the boxing, although among the lesser lights of the profession, exceeded expectations, as each and every bout produced plenty of excitement. The first item was an exhibition between Frank Scott and Harry Ashley. The latter displayed more knowledge of the game in a smartly-sparred three rounds. Tom Griffin and George Peach took the vacant seats for a six rounds contest, and after a hard-hitting contest Griffin gained the verdict. Then came Jack Guyon and Jem Kenrick. Guyon, taller, had the reach of his man, but Kenrick's cleverness enabled him to stay well all through the six rounds, which he lost after a tough tussle. A trial between Dave Barry of America and a coloured youth from Barbadoes, named Harry Boyce, was a laughable affair; the darkey having but the slightest rudimentary knowledge of the game, found Barry too good for him and stopped in the second round. "Wag" Ashley and Bill Wood (of Bermondsey) had a hard contest. Ashley, cleverer and quicker, gained a decision over Wood after a very even go. A short interval and the principal item was on tap; this a meeting between Ted Marlow and Jack Woods. Both are well-known performers. Marlow is no stranger to the roped enclosure at the club, and Jack Woods as a mi get boxer has performed in almost every ring in and about London for years past. These youths were set the task of contesting fifteen rounds, but the affair terminated abruptly, Woods joining issue at the thumping game got more than he required and lost in the third round to a tougher and stronger opponent. The officials were G. T. Dunning, referee; Mr. Eugene Corri, timekeeper; and Mr. A. F. Bettinson, M.C. Pat Condon and Arthur Gutteridge seconded, as usual, the boxers for the lesser events. Details:—

SIX ROUNDS CONTEST.

T. GRIFFIN beat G. PEACH
(Poplar) (Stepney).

The first round was a hard-hitting affair, both using the lefts and right freely, which appeared to suit the spectators. The second round the pair went for all they were worth and Peach was upset. On rising Griffin countered Peach's rushes and had a trifle the best of matters. Griffin drove his man to the ropes in the third round, and using a straight left stopped Peach as he weaved in; the latter looked a trifle flushed at the finish. Peach went after his man in the fourth round and tried the right. Peach persevered all through, making it a busy affair. In spite of receiving right on the dial that nearly toppled him over, Peach stuck to his man gamely all through. The last round Peach was the aggressor, but Griffin's left was always in his opponent's dial, and both exchanged rights at a fast rate.

SIX ROUNDS CONTEST.

JACK GUYON beat JEM KENRICK.

Guyon in his deliveries hit much harder than his opponent, but Kenrick was busy. Guyon intent on a speedy knock-out with the right, which missed. Guyon had the best of a hard-hitting round at the second meeting, and tapped Kenrick hard just as the round closed. Kenrick went better in the third round, and scored a few points more than Guyon, but the latter hit harder. Up for the fourth time both missed; a rally, and Guyon swinging for the jaw missed again. The fifth meeting Guyon was clever, and there was very little between them, Kenrick forcing the game and Guyon countering. The last round, after several brisk exchanges, Kenrick was brought down with the right, after which Guyon played light to finish the time, and gained the verdict.

"WAG" ASHLEY beat BILL WOOD
(Bermondsey) (Bermondsey).

Well matched in height and build, Wood stronger, but Ashley quicker, and the first round was well contested. The second round Ashley was quicker, and shot home several lefts on his opponent's dial, and later visited the ribs. Wood hit seldom, but a bit hard. The third meeting Ashley again scored. Wood twice missed when trying to drive the right on the ribs, Ashley's round. The fourth round Ashley, quick on his feet, made play, and scored with the left, Wood countering with the right. Ashley dodged in and out in the fifth round, and with the right upset his man. Ashley's round. The last meeting was well fought all through, and after a busy go Ashley won.

FIFTEEN ROUNDS CONTEST.

TED MARLOW beat JACK WOODS
(Stratford) (Stepney).

Marlow took matters coolly, and played for Woods' ribs. The latter did most of the leading off with a straight left, and scored. Up for the second round Woods forced the pace, swinging left and right. Marlow replied on the dial, and shot home a stinger on the ribs, and, ducking cleverly, escaped Woods' right. Marlow a trifle the best of the round. Leaving their seats for the third time both went at it hard, each in turn landing on the dial. In a strong rally Marlow sent his man down. The latter rose again, they mixed it, when Woods found the boards, and Marlow was returned the winner.

**A PRIVATE NIGHT IN THE EAST.**—Last Wednesday the fourth and last boxing entertainment of the season organised by a certain few gentlemen of the East-end was brought to a satisfactory issue at the usual resort between Poplar and Limehouse. The lads selected to spar were Tom Hatley, of Mile End, who defeated Mead a month ago, and Tom Matthews, of the Borough, who boxed with 4oz gloves, for £10; the winner to receive £7 10s, and the loser £2 10s. In addition the lads had a side stake of £5 on the result. Prior to the chief event the Brothers Carty boxed three well-contested rounds. Then came the contest, in which Tom Hatley beat Tom Matthews. Hatley, the taller lad, led off, getting his left slightly on the mouth, but trying again he was short. Matthews, working within distance, let go both hands on the side of the head. Getting to close quarters a sharp rally took place, honours being easy when "Time!" was called. On coming up for the next round the Bow lad was the first to lead off, planting a straight left-hander on Hatley's nose at once, thereby drawing the claret. This seemed to rouse Hatley up, and he at once went for Matthews. The latter gave as good as was sent, the lads being in the midst of a hot rally when time was announced. In the third round the same style of fighting took place, the lads boxing like demons, Matthews having a shade the best of it. Round 4. The Bow lad had orders to stand out, and not go in-fighting. This suited him, as he continually got home his left without a return. Still, Hatley took this in good part, and the battle progressed in Matthews's favour until the end of the fourteenth round, when he began to fall weak. Hatley, although having had a rare hiding, went to work like a terrier, fighting for the stomach, which soon told a tale. In the nineteenth round Matthews was brought down with a right-hander on the jaw, but he struggled on for another two rounds, when he was compelled to give in, and Hatley was returned the winner after a grand contest.

## OSCAR GARDNER. DEFEATS JOE BERNSTEIN.

### (Special Report.)

**NEW YORK, APRIL 28.**—Five thousand boxing enthusiasts packed the Broadway A.C. last night to see the twenty-five rounds glove fight between Oscar Gardner, the "Omaha Kid," and Joe Bernstein, the East Side featherweight. Gardner forced the fighting, and administered such a solid beating that Bernstein, unwilling to take his medicine like a man, resorted to fouling of every description. Referee Charley White warned him repeatedly for such tactics as holding, hugging, and wrestling, but to no avail until he was forced to rule Bernstein out at the end of the sixteenth round. Then Gardner was declared the winner, a decision that met with almost universal favour. The preliminary bout was provided by two featherweights, Tommy Sullivan, of Brooklyn, and Cole Watson, of Philadelphia, who were matched to go twelve rounds at catchweights, with Charley White as referee. Watson used his feet incessantly, and Sullivan forced the fight from start to finish. Watson was knocked down on several occasions, and had his left eye closed tight. The bell saved the Philadelphian at the end of the eleventh round, when he was on the floor in considerable trouble. Watson stayed the limit, however, by sprinting. Sullivan won. Gardner was a 2 to 1 favourite over Bernstein, whose friends backed him well. Gardner was looked after by Louis Green, "Yank" Kenny and Andy Walsh, while Bernstein's seconds were Paddy Moran, Jemmy Franks and Vic Whitman. The conditions were twenty-five rounds at 124lb, weigh in at three o'clock, at which time both men scaled under the weight. Eddie Lenny, of Philadelphia, challenged the winner. The boys got together with a fast rally of infighting the moment they shook hands. Bernstein was warned for holding and hitting in a fierce clinch. After that it was give and take all over the ring, with honours about even. The crowd was well worked up when they toed the mark for the second round. Bernstein opened the ball with left-hand swings, which were ducked, and then Gardner mixed it. There was a lot of roughing in the clinches, hugging and hanging on the ropes in corners. Soon they tired and let up. Bernstein got into another clinch, and was literally punched free with heavy right-hand smashes which Gardner drove to the ribs. The latter followed this advantage with a rush, and by slamming a couple of blows to the stomach he made the East Sider back away in a hurry. Gardner opened the third round with boring tactics and rough slugging. Bernstein mixed it and with a swing on the jaw he sent Gardner spinning to the ropes. In a half clinch, each having a hand free, they slugged away so rapidly that the crowd was in a frenzy. Both hit low. Oscar finally clinched so hard that the referee broke the men apart. They got into another such rally without delay and punched each other's bodies until they were glad to sit down. As the fourth opened they sparred a moment for wind. But in a jiffy they were indulging in the fiercest kind of in-fighting, Gardner's stomach blows with the right hand having tremendous power. Bernstein stopped this work temporarily by countering hard on the jaw, but the "Omaha Kid" was aggressive again in a moment and put Bernstein on the defensive. They were not fighting nearly so fast as in the opening round and when the fifth was called for, the men were prone to cautiousness and leisure. But that sort of thing did not suit Gardner, who, after half a minute, piled in with more stomach blows and several half-arm jolts on the head. Bernstein did some hard holding in the clinches that ensued and, barring light leads with his left, he did no solid punching. Gardner began the sixth with a rush, but he was neatly blocked off. Again he filed in with powerful blows in the body, Bernstein clinching and holding until ordered to break away. They roughed it to a corner where Bernstein had the better of a hot exchange of free-hand belts. Bernstein landed a couple of effective left handers at the beginning of the seventh round, but Gardner was boring in again with great swings that put the local feather-weight on his best defence. Bernstein remained on the defensive during the eighth round. His blows, nearly all lefts in the face, were light in comparison to the ripping smashers that Gardner continued to drive in the ribs and stomach. In a rough mix-up both fell, but when they got up they took it easy to the gong. Gardner continued his aggressiveness in the ninth, but he was not so strong as in the previous rounds, and his hands were bothering him somewhat, too. Bernstein took his time, clinched repeatedly, and also sent in stingers in the Kid's face, which was always thrust forward within reach. Gardner was still rushing and swinging in the tenth, but Bernstein blocked and hugged to his heart's content, at the same time taking no advantage of many openings. Gardner finally whipped a long left squarely to the pit of the stomach, and followed with such a rough onslaught that Bernstein locked his arms around the Kid's neck and clung to him until time was up. Bernstein was on the defensive once more as the eleventh round got under way. Gardner pounded his body with both hands until Bernstein responded with jabs in the face that pulled him up. Gardner got into a corner, and was hit on the head as he slipped to a knee. Then Bernstein roughed it again, and was warned. Gardner cut loose, apparently in a fit of anger, and slugged so hard that Bernstein hugged again until the bell ended one of the hottest rallies of the fight. Gardner bored in with renewed strength in the twelfth. Bernstein grabbed him around the neck and deliberately wrestled him to the floor. The referee pulled Bernstein to one side and shook his finger in Joe's face, at the same time warning him again. The round closed with another hot rally, in which Bernstein, in spite of the body punches he received, held his own. Gardner put in several right-handers over the heart in the thirteenth, and kept up his leading all the way through. Bernstein did more holding and wrestling, the referee being compelled to tear the men out of clinches. Bernstein finished strong and also mixed it with better results than in the five preceding rounds. But for his wonderful stamina, Bernstein could not have stood up before such a gaff as he received. The East Sider was on the defensive during the first half of the fourteenth. But several warm counters cut Gardner's left eye open for first blood. Bernstein was warned again and was also doubled up with a heavy right-hand body punch delivered at short range. Bernstein drove his left squarely to the damaged eye as a starter in the fifteenth. He tried a right hander for the jaw, but the blow was high. Gardner punched him in the stomach again and Bernstein resorted to wrestling. The referee had all he could do to break them apart in a clinch. Bernstein stood off at the opening of the sixteenth and put in stiff jabs to the face. Then as Gardner came in with a rush Bernstein wrestled and bent the Kid's head back in a clinch. While Gardner was protesting to the referee, Bernstein rushed in to catch him off his guard. Then Gardner mixed it and Bernstein once more wrestled him to the floor. Then it was that the referee used his authority and disqualified Bernstein, something he should have done much sooner. The round had ended when the ruling was made.

**JACK SCALES'S SPECIAL NIGHT.**—Jack Scales, the claimant to heavy-weight championship honours, like most others connected with the fistic profession, has developed into a caterer, and on Thursday evening last at a snug hostelry in the vicinity of Bethnal Green, Joe Smith, of Wonderland fame, lent a helping hand, and by this means the affair was brought to a satisfactory and pleasing issue. The chief item on the card was a fifteen rounds contest between two rival bantam-weights, and this was productive of a keen struggle which lasted thirteen rounds. A ten rounds contest in which A. Wright and Bob Stevens were the contesting parties proved such a battle that a draw was declared. Fifteen Rounds Contest: Nutty Williams (Bethnal Green) beat Jem Hannon (Shoreditch).—These evenly matched lads started off at a terrific pace, and each in turn had a trifle the best of the scoring. At the end of ten rounds there was little to choose between them, but subsequently Williams was the stronger, and after taking a lead he floored his adversary in the thirteenth round with a blow on the jaw, and the latter was counted out. Ten Rounds Contest: Archie Wright (Meat Market) v. Bob Stevens, Islington.—These lads put up a capital struggle. At the commencement Wright, who did most of the forcing, gained a slight advantage. He, however, tired from his own exertions, and with Stevens pulling up considerably towards the end, the referee declared the contest a draw. Six Rounds Display: "Ginger" Elliott (Bethnal Green) v. Jem Schofield (Shoreditch).—A lot of cleverness was introduced into this set-to, and they retired amidst the hearty applause of all present. Several exhibition bouts brought the proceedings to a close.

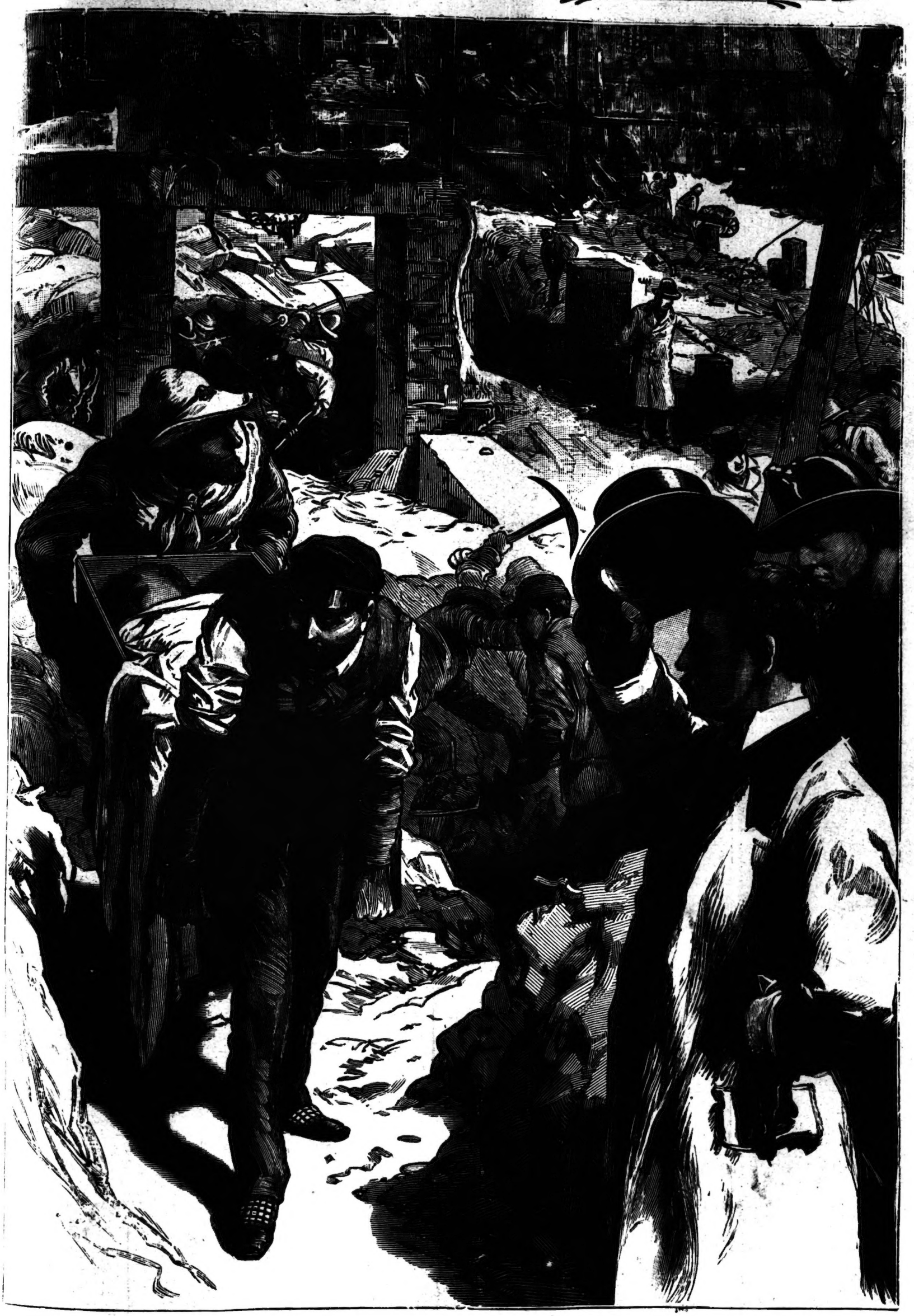
**R. WILSON AND T. O'NIELL FOR £47.**—These lads, who are matched to box the best of twenty rounds at the Hexham House Saloon, Newcastle, on Monday night next for £15 a-side and Mr. Lowes's purse of £17, are away training actively for the contest, in which a very great deal of interest is being taken in the North. Wilson is located at Cullercoats under the care of Andrew Weed, whilst O'Niell is residing at Bedlington in charge of his brother, Bob O'Niell.

**STALYBRIDGE GYMNASTIC CLUB.**—On May 14 Manager Haggerty will give a £35 purse (£10 a-side and £15 given by the club), for a fifteen rounds contest between Pat Gibbons, of Miles Platting, and W. Leith, of Salford; also other boxing, and an 8st 4lb novices' competition.

(Continued on page 10.)

# GREAT FIRE AT

**Over a Million Sterling Damage Done, and Thousands of People Homeless.**



# TTAWA, CANADA.

oss of Life Appalling. Firemen have Lost their Lives in the Destruction.

(Continued from Page 7.)

## "SPIKE" SULLIVAN DEFEATS YOUNG STARR.

(Special Report.)

**NEW YORK, APRIL 25. — YOUNG** Starr, of Philadelphia, and "Spike" Sullival, of Gravesend, came together last night at the Greenwood Athletic Club, in South Brooklyn, for the second time in a month. During the first bout, which was pulled off in Philadelphia, Starr surprised many by his cleverness, and at one time, with a right hand swing, sent "Spike" through the ropes on to the spectators. But during the fight last night he did everything but show his cleverness, instead he fouled at every opportunity. Seven times he attempted to choke "Spike," and four times tried to hit him when down. But "Spike" was too clever for him, and by good fast work and ducking avoided many of the foul blows. The fight was to have gone twenty rounds at catch-weight, "Spike" at light-weight, and Starr about 150lb. Up to the twelfth round "Spike" was more than holding his own, but at the gong was very tired. In the thirteenth "Spike," mad clean through, rushed, and received a stiff left that sent him to the floor on all fours. Starr again attempted to hit him while down, and the referee, having given Starr several warnings, stopped the bout, just as Starr's seconds threw up the sponge and gave the fight to Sullivan.

**BOXING AT WONDERLAND, SATURDAY.**—Last Saturday the usual weekly entertainment took place at the above resort. The weather was warm, but in spite of the heat there was a fair attendance present to gladden the heart of the hard working secretary, Poland Reley. Mr. Sam Jacobs acted as referee, Harry Jacobs as timekeeper, and Ben Harris as M.C. Six Rounds Contest: Willie Stone beat Young Pearson.—Pearson was the heavier, and a grand hard hitting bout ensued, Stone taking the lead. Each round was well contested, the Scotch Laddie fighting in his old style, and at the finish the decision was Stone. A round of applause greeted them when they retired. Six Rounds Contest: Bert Adams beat Jack Mason.—Neither seemed in the humour for anything but fighting, and as soon as they stood up set to work, swinging both hands on the dial. In the third round Adams with a left hook sent his opponent down, but Mason, rising, went on till the end and had none the worst of the meeting. The pace told its tale, and in the last two rounds both went slower, and after a grand fight the verdict went to Adams. Six Rounds Contest: Tom King beat Bill Pike.—Blow for blow was given, and with both doing their utmost a good battle resulted, and at the close King got the verdict. Eight Rounds Contest: Alf Fielder beat Jack Lewis.—Both men were in earnest and during the first meeting fell from the force of their own blows. The black did plenty of holding, and was sent down four times in the third round. The Yankee repeatedly held and at the end of the final round the fiat went forth in favour of Fielder. 9st 6lb Special Competition: First Heat (six rounds): Charley Ryder beat Bob Woods. The last named is a good strong fighter, but his opponent belongs to a superior class as a boxer, and won easily on points. Tony Amos beat A. Hearn.—Hearn looked like Sullivan, the polite lunatic, in the "Belle of New York," and before he stood up dubbed him "My Wife Won't Let Me." After a farce for a minute the bout was stopped, as Hearn did not even know how to hold his hands. The wind-up of the evening was a three rounds display between Bill Chester and Matt Palmer.

**WONDERLAND, MONDAY.—ON MONDAY** evening another of Joe Smith's stupendous programmes was placed before the sporting public of the metropolis. The bill was indeed a mammoth one, and beside a fifteen rounds contest between Jack Scales and Tom Broderick there was another fifteen rounds and no less than five ten rounds contests. Boxers when they require work ask for it, but generally do not turn up to time, and this evening was no exception to the rule, as when a start should have been made the advertised contestants were conspicuous by their absence. This is a step to be regretted, as patrons of the sport will not be kept waiting after having paid their money to witness an evening's boxing. As the boxers engaged were non est another pair were put in the arena for a Ten Rounds Contest: Dummy Forest beat Nutty Williams.—Both were in earnest, and fought every inch of the way, and in the second round Williams went out. Six Rounds Contest: "Ginger" Elliot beat Bill Schofield.—They both meant outing the other if possible, and "Ginger" kept sending the right on the dial. Elliot scored fast but his opponent was not far behind. When they started round 4 Schofield scored fast, and wiping off arrears, took the van, and in the succeeding round Elliot went well and gained the award. Six Rounds Contest: Albert Hollings beat Jack Lewis.—Hollings is a lad who has made a name for himself this season, and met his opponent's rushes with a straight left hand, taking a long lead at the start. The black was hard to get at, but Hollings was quite as clever at ducking, and easily avoided his rival. During the fourth round Hollings, with a body blow, dropped Lewis, but arising, he went on till the call of time. At the close of a fine fight the verdict was Hollings. Six Rounds Contest: Harry Berry beat George Shipman.—These boxers have met on many occasions, and both fought as they have fought before, making a splendid battle of it. It was a level bout, when the decision was very properly a draw. Fifteen Rounds Contest: Nat Keyser v. Alf Leeper.—Both had their partisans, and were determined to win, hitting as hard as they possibly could. It was very exciting, and party feeling could easily be seen in the cheers that each were given. The pace was terrific, and in the fourth round they slowed down, and took matters easy. Leeper was upon the ground at the close of the next round, but time saved him. Every round was well contested, each in turn being in front. Excitement ran high, each in turn being favourite, according to how the bout went. In the eleventh round Keyser, with a right on the mark, ended the contest. It was a fine a bout as anyone could see, and the applause was almost deafening. The tit-bit of the evening next came on the scene, a Fifteen Rounds Contest for £100 and a purse: Jack Scales v. Tom Broderick. Scales looked heavier, and his opponent's crouching position made him seem taller. The Yankee rushed, but was well met with both hands. Broderick repeatedly held, and with a right hook Scales sent him to the boards. Scales had all the best of the exchanges, and after going down twice Broderick was put out. THE MIRROR OF LIFE acted as timekeeper, Mr. Sam Jacobs as referee, and Ben Harris as M.C.

**GLENGALL GYMNASIUM.** — A numerous company attended this saloon on Saturday, when an extensive programme had been arranged by Harry Williams, who was sole manager for the evening. The programme included four eight rounds contests between well known men, a 6st 6lb competition for two prizes given by a well-known sportsman, and a 8st 6lb competition. Several of the contests were somewhat brief, but those between "Sunny" Wellings and Ernie Brown, and between Geo. Marlow and Sam Taylor were well contested, and reflected credit on all concerned. Details:—6st 6lb Open Competition. First Series: "Sunny" Wellings (Walworth) beat Charley Morris (Lambeth), Matt Smith (Camberwell) beat C. Morris (Camberwell), Ernie Brown (Stepney) beat Bill Fowler (Kennington), Bill Ringer (Kennington) beat Frank Payne (Walworth). Second Series: Ernie Brown (Stepney) beat Wellings (Walworth), Bill Ringer (Kennington) beat Matt Smith (Camberwell). Ringer and Brown meet in the final bout on Saturday. 8st 6lb Competition. First Series: George Marlow (Lambeth) beat Sam Taylor (Hatcham), Jack Bush (Camberwell) beat Dick Tyler (Walworth), George Buckeridge (Hatcham) sparred a very severe bye with Fred Read (Southwark). Semi-final: Geo. Buckeridge (Hatcham) beat Geo. Marlow (Lambeth).—A very brief affair, Buckeridge winning in the first half-minute. Six Rounds Contest: "Ginger" Atkinson (Bermondsey) beat Walter Little (Deptford).—Two minutes and a half in the first round settled the account of the Deptford champion. The finals of the 6st 6lb and 8st 6lb competitions will be decided on Saturday, May 19.

**DAVID SWANSON HAS ACCEPTED** the challenge to box Bill Moncur at catch-weight for a silver cup. Bill Hastie will challenge the winner.

**MORE BOXERS FOR THE FRONT.**—Dick Tiddiman, of Hackney, who has scored many wins, has joined the Army, and hopes, as he is pretty conversant with his drill, soon to be sent to the front.

**TOM HERRICK, THE VETERAN** trainer, will give a boxing show at Battersea on Monday, May 21. Tom has secured a large hall and some good lads, when there will be two ten and four six rounds contests.

**"JOLLY JUMBO" (W. ECCLESTONE)** and his Training Stables.—Harry Chamberlain v. Ivor Thomas. — Harry Chamberlain, who is matched with Ivor Thomas, to take place May 14, at the N.S.C. is now training under the care of Bill Whatley at the Black Horse, Harrow Road, Sudbury. Alf Wright (of Plymouth) v. Jack Milburn (of Newcastle).—Alf Wright (late of Plymouth) is taking up his quarters at these training stables next Saturday for his match with Jack Milburn, of Newcastle, also under Bill Whatley's care.

**TOM LIDSTONE IS OPEN TO BOX** F. Martin according to his challenges, and will meet him at Alf Baker's, Tradesman's Arms, Plymouth, on May 12. If Martin means business a match can be made.

**FRANK TURNER, OF DARTFORD,** seeing that Fred Fairchild is in want of a match, will box him eight or ten rounds if "Pedlar" Palmer will give a purse at his next show.

## JOE BERNSTEIN VERSUS "KID" CONROY.

(Special Report.)

**NEWHAVEN, APRIL 25. — THE** fifteen rounds contest between "Joe" Bernstein, of New York, and "Kid" Conroy, of this city, at the Polo Rink here last Monday night ended in a free fight, during which the referee, Frank, received most of the blows.

After a close fight the referee gave the decision to Bernstein, and before the police could go to his assistance he was set upon by Conroy's seconds and most of the crowd near the ring. His eyes were blackened and his clothing torn off when rescued by policemen. Even when in his dressing-room the police had to use their clubs to keep the mob from doing him further injury.

The fight was even for the first five rounds, the Newhaven boy fairly holding his own with the clever New Yorker. The sixth was all Bernstein's, and he drew first blood with a right upper-cut on the jaw. In the seventh and eighth Conroy had a shade the better of it. Both were tired in the ninth. In the tenth Bernstein tried hard for a knock-out, but the "Kid" held him off well, and gave as good as he received.

In the eleventh and twelfth matters were even both men fighting hard. Conroy had the better of the thirteenth and fourteenth rounds, and in the last round was all over Bernstein, twice forcing him to the ropes.

The referee seemed to anticipate trouble, for he climbed outside the ropes and whispered the decision to the announcer, but was overheard by Conroy's second, who started the fight.

**HEXHAM HOUSE SALOON, NEWcastle.**—The encomiums which are weekly bestowed on the excellence of the shows provided by Mr James Lowes at the Hexham House Saloon, Newcastle, are of the most numerous and genuine description. And the entertainments which are provided at the place named fully deserve the praise of those who enjoy to witness the ring prowess of those who fancy the art. The great attraction on Saturday evening was an 8st 4lb competition for novices. For this Mr. Lowes put up as prizes a splendid gold watch and a gold medal, and these proved of sufficient magnetism to attract a great number of entries. In fact, the list of names received was a record in the matter of competitions that has ever been promoted by the pioneer of boxing in the north. The affair was, however, restricted to eight competitors, who were most judiciously selected, and the result was that one of the finest entertainments of the kind was witnessed by the crowd of spectators, which comprised not only the regular habitués, but the followers of the various lads taking part in the competition, and many strangers from afar. Previous to the commencement of the preliminary struggles for the prizes there were three exhibition rounds of a pleasurable kind provided by J. Johnson and W. Brown, G. Parker and J. Lumsden, J. Jones and "Dido" Vardy, and J. Blake and G. Pringle. The first round of the competition was then taken in hand, and the first bout was between George Proud, of Newcastle, and T. Ness, of New Zealand. The meeting was of a very severe character, and in the second round the Antipodean was knocked out. The second bout was between R. Wood, of Gateshead, and J. Thompson, of Walker, and after three interesting rounds Wood gained the fiat. George Atkinson, of Gateshead, had not an easy task to defeat G. Monty, of Newcastle, and the fourth tie was a hard struggle between T. Murphy, of Walker, and J. Bell, of Gateshead, the first-named being declared the winner. The seconds throughout were C. Watts and "Spider" Carr. Sam Francis was referee, and Martin Nealis timekeeper. The competition will be concluded on Saturday evening next.

**PRIVATE SHOW AT THE HEXHAM** House, Newcastle.—Whenever Mr. James Lowes has undertaken to provide a private show the entertainment has always been of the most satisfactory description to those for whom he had been asked to cater. Those which he had previously provided were never below par, as we may say, and if succeeding ones at the Hexham House saloon are as good as that which we were privileged to see on Thursday evening last the reputation of Mr. Lowes as a caterer, great as it is, will be considerably enhanced. The entertainment under notice was got up for the edification of a number of commercial gentlemen (lovers of the art), and it proved to be one of the most enjoyable we have seen. A most enjoyable commencement was made with a three rounds spar between "Spike" Johnson and Joe Davison, who went hard at work for the time they were in the arena, and then "Spider" Carr and Tim Kelly appeared on the scene, and they pleased, as they always do. Neither of them seems to lose any of his skill, although it is seldom they are now seen inside the ropes, except in the capacity of seconds or otherwise. "Dido" Vardy and Jack Jones were the third pair to show, and their entertainment was of a truly delightful character, they giving a very scientific exhibition. The chief event, however, was a six rounds exhibition between the ex-amateur heavy-weight champion, Mr. Parkes, and Jack Palmer. This was a most enjoyable affair, and at the finish there was nothing to choose between the twain, who went all the stipulated rounds, and brought to a close a very enjoyable evening's sport.

## SPIRITED BOXING AT PENTONVILLE. CHARLEY KING'S SPECIAL.

**SPORTSMEN IN VAST NUMBERS** abound in the districts in the northern division of London, but in no portion of the metropolis do they pay more attention to sport in general than in the populous districts of King's Cross, Islington, Pentonville, Somers Town, Central Finsbury, &c., that are in close proximity to what in the old days used to be the green fields of Islington. For years the clubs in the neighbourhood have helped to make the locality the premier one in this great city, and without a doubt have succeeded in the attempt. We well remember when the North London, Jewish Social, Netherlands, Mildmay, Bryanston, Boro' of Finsbury, South Bermondsey, Kay Street, and many other clubs battled for the honour of the Club and Institute Union, and the former, assisted by "Fairy," Jack Watts Charley King, &c., took the first place, the Netherlands, assisted by Lew Myers, Sam Silkman, Micky Moss, "Young Dutch Sam," "Mucher" Abrahams, Braham Myers, Lew and Ansell Dribie, &c., took the second place. But though the class was suspended last year, they have already started operations with a cricket team, and are willing to meet the teams of other clubs. When asked to promote an assault-at-arms Charley King consented, and Messrs. Manning and Webster gave a gold keyless watch for an 8st 6lb competition, and Mr. Laws presented a massive cup for one at 7st 6lb. A large audience was present to witness the competitions, and in each there was two prizes. All of the sporting members of the neighbouring clubs patronised the show, and each of the competitors had their partisans. A few weeks at amateur affairs we saw some of the contestants box, and without a doubt they think that as only prizes were fought for their status remains. It should be noted that without a permit from the A.B.A. no bona-fide amateur competition can be held, and also that boxing against a professional makes them one as surely as if they fought for money. Details.—The officials were:—Referee: Alf Boon. Judges: Bill James and Arthur Westley, with Tom Pryer holding the clock. Tom Cooper, Arthur Ward, Bill Lampshire, and Warner Wrench saw to the wants of the boxers. 7st 6lb Competition: Jem Cope beat Jack Doolan; Tom Sessions beat "Buck" Shine; W. Simkins beat J. Leonard. Semi-finals: Cope beat Simkins; Sessions a bye. Final: Sessions beat Cope.—Cope last week fought under A.B.A. rules, and has a good useful left, but his opponent was heavier, and, gradually wearing his rival out, scored fast, and amidst great excitement was returned the victor. 8st 6lb Competition: First heat (four rounds), Tom Hines beat Harry Whale; "Wag" Osborne beat Tom Rutledge. Final: Hines beat Osborne.—The last-named is another that we have in amateur bout a couple of weeks, and though contesting every inch of the journey, his opponent had the knowledge of the ring that only experience can bring, and in the near future Osborne, when he has had more practice, may reverse the decision. During the evening the following displayed their skill in exhibition bouts, Tom King and Johnny Thomas, Tom O'Rourke and Bill Stonelake.

**HARRY CONNELL, OF KING'S** Cross, would like to hear from any boxing booth proprietor as to an engagement through the summer months. Bill Whitelaw, of St. Luke's, would also like to join. An answer will be at once attended to.

**JOE SMITH CALLED UP TO THE** MIRROR OF LIFE, and on behalf of Bill Chester challenged any lad in England at 9st 2lb or 9st 4lb for £100 a-side and the best purse offered. A deposit left at THE MIRROR OF LIFE will be immediately covered.

**SID JONES, STOKER OF H.M.S.** Cormorant, Gibraltar, writes:—Seeing an account of a ten rounds contest in your valuable paper between myself (Stoker Sid Jones) and Stoker Burns, and also that he had the best of the contest, I beg to state that Burns was fully a stone heavier than me, and that I won on my merits. Should Burns return to Gibraltar he can rest assured that I will accommodate him again, providing he does not scale over 9st 2lb. I, myself, can easily get to 8st 10lb, so I think I am giving a lot away. Failing him any lad in the garrison can be accommodated at 8st 10lb, give or take 2lb, for a £5 note.

**A GENTLEMAN OF ESSEX WILL** back Jack Allen, of Spitalfields, to box or fight Joe Wyatt, of Ilford, for £25 to £50 a-side at 6st 6lb or 7st, and match to come off within two weeks from when you sign articles.

## BOXING AT NEWCASTLE.

### JACK GIBSON v. NAT SMITH.

**WE CANNOT CONSIDER NAT** Smith by any means a lucky boxer. Nat appears to be always in the way when the punch of the evening is delivered. An opponent might swing his right forty times during the course of the evening, and Nat might dodge it; but by some means or other Nat always catches a punch more erratic than the rest, and never meant to be in the piece. Early in the contest Jack (Gibson) was as good as master, but having injured his right hand, Nat Smith, by means of his left, scored whenever he liked, and the battle appeared a moral certainty for the London man could he only keep his hands going and get out of harm's way. But there is many a slip 'twixt the cup and the ... Nat unluckily made this slip when delivering a blow, and before the Londoner could get out of harm's way, Jack Gibson's damaged mauler found its way to Nat's chin, and down went the Londoner just as victory seemed most secure. Nat Smith, with all his science and some amount of strength, is one of those narrow-jawed men who lend themselves to the knock-out. A blow which would have no effect on a square-jawed lad would be fatal to the wearer of the pointed chin. This is the case with McCoy and other boxers too numerous to mention. Whenever do we hear of a square-jawed Sharkey or Jeffries being knocked out. Details: Round 1. Smith dashed in his left hand and tried to reach Gibson's face, but his blow fell short. The North-countryman then tried the same sort of hit, and also failed to make a landing. Then came a long spar, followed by some fast half-arm exchanges, Smith going for the face, while Gibson confined his attention to the Londoner's ribs with his right hand. The visitor was pushed to the floor by a right-hander on the ear, but he jumped up and planted a flush left-hander on Gibson's nose, which turned on the tap. It was Gibson's round in the matter of points. Round 2. This was rather wild and erratic. Smith led off on the cheek, but he slipped down while trying to make another landing on the face. Gibson also used his left straight in the face, and strange to say he, too, overreached himself and slipped to the floor. The Northerner had a shade the best of the pointing. Round 3. Smith steadied himself, and using his left hand straight on the cheek, began to rub the points off the slate, and incidentally the skin off his rival's face. Six times in succession Smith sent his left flush in Gibson's face, and the whole aspect of the combat changed at once. Offers of 5 to 4 on Smith went begging, but Gibson had none the worst of the exchanges. In the fourth round both men went to the floor, Smith slipping down, and pulling Gibson on to him. The same thing occurred in the fifth round. Here Smith displayed his great cleverness with head, hands, and feet. His tactics evidently puzzled Gibson very much. The Londoner added considerably to his score during the sixth round, and once he landed a hard right hander on Gibson's kidneys. Gibson scored two light cross-counter cuts on Smith's jaw with his right. In the seventh round the North Countryman caught Smith with a swinger on the jaw, and he went to the floor in a hurry. Round 8. Smith led off with a couple of face hits from the left, and Gibson's reply was a right hander on the jaw, Smith slipping down. He was up in a minute, and catching Gibson as he came at him, Smith landed a hard right hander on the Newcastle lad's jaw. He went down in a heap. At the end of six seconds he tried to get up, but it was over eight seconds before he was fairly on his feet. Smith rushed at his man, and sent in another right hander. This landed on the cheek-bone, and Gibson went down again. He was in queer street, and had it not been for the call of time it is highly probable that Gibson would have been counted out. The betting was now 2 and 3 to 1 on Smith. In the ninth round Gibson did a lot of hanging on to save himself, and had to be dragged away from Smith. The remainder of the rounds up to the fourteenth was a mixture of scrambles and clever tactics. Gibson had to make the most use of the ring in order to escape Smith's fusillade of blows. The Londoner kept dashing in his left at the face, and he had considerably the best of the pointing. Gibson fought pluckily, and when he did make a stand he planted some good body blows on Smith. The latter held the winning card, however, and was badly punishing his rival with both hands. Round 14, and last. Smith started with his usual left in the face, driving Gibson before him. Then came another flush nose-ender from the Londoner's left hand. He got an opening for his right, and sent it across, but it landed lightly on the top of Gibson's head. Before the Londoner could get back on guard the Northern boxer had stepped aside and sent his right hand smash on the point of Smith's jaw. The latter fell to the floor like a log, and lay there on his forehead and hands while he was counted out. The referee then picked him up, and the battle was over, Gibson, of course, winning. He was badly punished, while Smith had scarcely a mark.

## BOXING AT DUBLIN.

### ENGLAND v. IRELAND.

### ALF POULTER v. MIKE KEOGH.

**IF EVER A YOUTH MIGHT LAY** claim to be a representative English boxer it is Alf Poulter (a nephew on the father's side to Tom King). The brother of the late Tom King has three sons, fine specimens of manhood, one of whom (Bill Poulter) was heavy-weight champion of the Army, and another, now at the front, recently discovered Bill's portrait in an illustrated paper taken some years since at Colchester on the veldt. Alf Poulter, who is in the 1st King's Dragoon Guards stationed in Ireland, was matched with Mike Keogh, who has the reputation of being Ireland's middle-weight champion. From the details furnished to us, not by a Saxon but an Irish correspondent, it would appear that our friends across the Irish channel have a deal to learn in the matter of fair play. The Poulters do not belong to the win, tie or wrangle order, the lads are modesty personified; and when Myler Keogh was thoroughly defeated his (Keogh's) seconds shouted foul, and the referee (to his discredit) gave the contest to Keogh. This hit was not seen by any of the crowd; and was evidently a cry raised when Keogh was in difficulties by the seconds, and listened to by a prejudiced or interested referee. Details: A rather noisy crowd assembled at the Antient Concert Room recently, to witness the boxing tournament promoted by D. Young. The show proved one of the few genuine ones that take place there, and with the exception of a bit of rowdyism by a number of spectators who had gained free admission, it would have been an immense success. The programme commenced with a three rounds go between O'Neill and Byrne, and was followed by another excellent bout by Messrs. Smith and Williams, who gave a splendid display of boxing. Then came the first heat in the 10st. competition for a silver cup, between T. Connor and Private Roberts, Connor winning easily in the second round. Heat 2. White beat Barnes. The final between Connor and White was very exciting, both men being all but out, when Connor's superior weight told, and White went down and was counted out. However, he received a medal for his plucky stand as runner-up. A fifteen rounds contest between O'Leary and Burke only went five rounds, when Burke held out his hand, quite satisfied. The event of the night then came on, being a twenty rounds go between Myler Keogh, of Dublin, and Alf Poulter, of London, but ended most unsatisfactorily in the fourth round, when Poulter had forced Keogh to the ropes. As the round began a shout of foul from Keogh's seconds arose, and the referee, without any warning, gave the decision to Keogh on a foul, which was seen by nobody present but Keogh's seconds and the referee. Keogh claimed he had been hit when on the ropes. However, it is likely the men will meet again, as Poulter can be backed for £100 a-side to fight again in England, or anywhere that an honest decision can be obtained.

**COMPETITIONS AT THE LANS**downe Club.—There was a crowded attendance at the above clubhouse, which is situate in Hackney Road, early last week, when a couple of competitions at 8st 4lb and 7st 6lb respectively formed the attraction. Some excellent boxing was displayed during the evening, dogged pluck and hard punching being a feature. Jack Lewis and Arthur Hollings had an exhibition spar, and "Ginger" Elliott and Bill Schofield also indulged in three smart rounds. The judges were Messrs. W. Silcox and T. McCarthy; referee, Mr. Joe Smith; timekeeper, W. Brace; and M.C., "Ginger" Elliott. Brief details: 8st 4lb Competition: Jem Fitchett (Marylebone) beat Bill English (Bethnal Green) in the first round. George Coldsby (Somers Town) beat James Fryer (Hackney) before the expiration of the first round. Jem Harman (Lambeth) beat J. Walcock (Holloway).—Walcock was over matched and beaten in the first round. Tom Rogers (Bethnal Green) beat Jerry Wilson (Kingsland) after a rare good bout. Second Series: Fitchett beat Co'ldsby.—Fitchett used both hands with good effect. Coldsby made a plucky stand, but he tired in the last round and was beaten after a plucky contest. Harman beat Rogers.—The first named was the aggressor from the outset. He never gave his man a rest, and Rogers retired, fairly beaten, in the second round. 7st 6lb Competition: Alf Chalkley (Bethnal Green) beat Pat Fishers (St. James's) after a good contest from start to finish. Boss Edwards (Marylebone) beat Dunny Forest (Bethnal Green) after some slogging work. Will White (Hackney) beat Harry Mack (Marylebone) in the first minute. Second Series: White beat Edwards.—A rare good bout. White, although giving away height and reach, forced the boxing, and they slogged away for all they were worth. White well earned the verdict. Chalkey sparred a bye with Jack Chilton. The final bouts will be decided on Tuesday, May 15, when a complimentary benefit will be accorded the club instructor, "Ginger" Elliott.

## ASSAULT-AT-ARMS OF THE BORO' OF MARYLEBONE AMATEUR BOXING CLUB.

**ON WEDNESDAY EVENING A BIG** crowd assembled to witness the assault-at-arms of the above club, of which Jem Barry, of St. James's, is the instructor. The programme consisted of an eight rounds contest between W. Hayes, of the above club, and J. Daniels, also of the Marylebone B.C. All through this contest the spectators were constantly on the move with excitement, so close was the match. First one lad and then the other scored, until in the final the judges decided that Daniels had won, but not without a lot of punishment, both men having much contused faces and black eyes. These lads, if entered for the amateur championships next year, should make the present holders hop. An exhibition spar followed between two members of the Marylebone B.C., Messrs. Benfield and Parker, who were very realistic. Jem Barry, the club's instructor, then boxed with J. Cannon, the captain of the club. Cannon is a big gun, a promising amateur, and a good 10st lad. Naturally Barry had all his work cut out to keep his pupil under subjection, Cannon often nabbing his mentor some nasty reminders. Bill Telford, of Bloomsbury, met Ted Boyton, of Marylebone, in a three rounds fight. Although both men are pros. they did not spar friendly, Telford coming to the front at the finish; the latter showing great improvement on his previous form, but we must say the amateurs in the previous contest showed the pros. how battles are lost and won. An 8st competition, open to novices, brought together some good lads from various amateur clubs, the final being desperately fought out between J. Carlin, of the Boro' of Marylebone B.C. and Young Donnor (unattached). Over this contest the judges disagreed, and Young Donnor may consider himself lucky to have secured the referee's fiat. The Boro' of Marylebone B.C. will next season no doubt have some promising boxing recruits. Any young fellows living in the neighbourhood of Tottenham Court Road may join by applying to the hon. sec., W. Payne, 10, Whitfield Place, Tottenham Court Road. The judges were W. Dart, A.B.A., and Tom King; referee, C. Wood; timekeeper, Alec Zimmerman.

**BOXING AT WEST HARTLEPOOL.**—Under the auspices of the West Hartlepool Gymnasium a capital night's sport was brought off at the Circus, Lynn Street. The committee and officials of the West Hartlepool Gymnasium are to be congratulated on the success of their efforts. They have had the usual amount of prejudice to contend against, but by the business-like way their fixtures are carried out, and the excellent order maintained, they are, to judge from the crowded house on Saturday night, surely gaining the well-merited support of the general public. The only regretable incident of the evening was when the referee gave his decision in favour of a local lad in the 8st 2lb competition. The majority of the audience were strongly against the decision, and did not fail to show it. The referee, Jemmy Wallace, must have served a long apprenticeship to judge from his personal appearance, and he ought to have a profound knowledge of the game, but on this occasion he failed to use it. An excellent programme was provided, the chief item of which was a twelve rounds contest between J. Tait, of Newcastle, and "Spot" Hanley, of West Hartlepool. There was also a ten rounds match between Tienary and Grant, both of West Hartlepool, and an 8st 2lb amateur competition, in which six local youths competed. The competition was proceeded with first, two smart lads named Cockfield and Wigan meeting in the first tie. The three rounds were cleverly contested, Cockfield winning by a narrow majority of points. The second tie was between Smith and Powell, and though the former had a big advantage in reach, Powell's superior agility gained him the points throughout the three rounds, and the referee's verdict was in his favour. The third tie was between Heeley and Pallister. The first-named youth was exceedingly clever, and, though Pallister had inches advantage in height, he suffered severe punishment from his more nimble opponent, and gave up just before the gong went in the final round. Heeley and Powell came together in the semi-final, and though the latter went to work in a determined fashion, and fought gamely through the three rounds, Heeley certainly did most of the scoring in all three, and when the referee (Jemmy Wallace, of Openshaw) gave his decision in favour of Powell the audience expressed great dissatisfaction, the general opinion being that Heeley was by far the smartest lad in the competition. Cockfield having sparred a bye with another local youth named Mottram, he entered the final against Powell, and four capital rounds followed between the pair. Cockfield opened lightly on his opponent's face, and, while evading cleverly several heavy lunges, followed up with his left on the jaw and right on the ribs. Careful sparring occupied most of the time in the second round, but towards the close Cockfield received a staggering punch on the chest. Powell had the best of the two succeeding rounds, and was declared the winner.

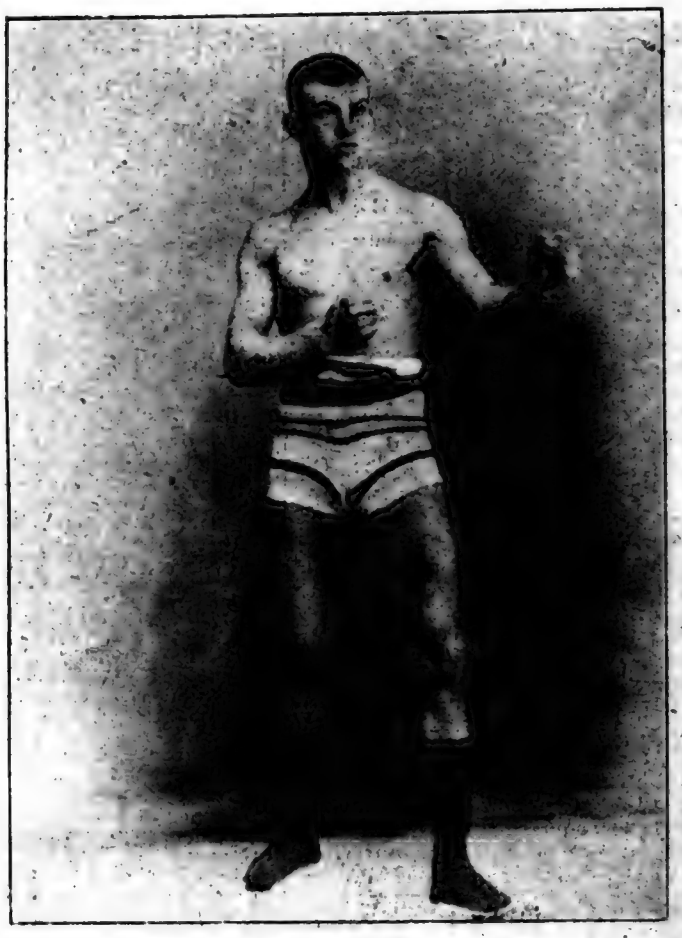
The next item was the ten rounds contest between Tienary and Grant. Tienary was a strong favourite when the gong sounded for the first round, but both contestants set to work in such earnest that it was evident that they would never get through ten rounds. Grant opened with his left on the jaw, and was severely punished about the face by his taller opponent, who rapidly put in points during the initial round. Tienary opened strongly in the succeeding round, but Grant now commenced to score heavily, and almost had his man out when the gong sounded. In the next round also Tienary was the first to get to work, and Grant slid on to his knees after a heavy left on the jaw. He recovered in a wonderful manner, however, and getting home with left and right in quick succession, beat Tienary to the boards. Only the opportune sound of the gong saved the latter for the second time, and he was placed on his chair in a dazed condition. Tienary revived considerably under the attention of his seconds, but it was evident when he rose for the fourth round that he was a beaten man, and he was almost immediately sent to the boards with a heavy right under the jaw, and was counted out. This cleared the way for the principal event of the evening, and Tait and Hanley entered the ring amid loud applause. The Newcastle man was seconded by "Dido" Vardy, Peter Todd, and "Kid" Veitch, and "Spot" Hanley by Mottram, Fitzpatrick, and McDonald (Middlesbrough). Mr. Anthony O'Brien, Middlesbrough, was selected as referee, and Mr. McArthur acted as timekeeper. Round 1. Hanley missed with the right, and received Tate's left on the neck, and the men clinched, Tate getting in on the jaw in the breakaway. Hanley was much too eager, while the Newcastle man, more experienced at the game, was taking matters as easily as possible. Round 2. Hanley got to work immediately the gong sounded, and some clever sparring was witnessed, though the visitor was still playing the waiting game. Round 3 was chiefly noticeable for clinching, and Hanley was severely punished, Tate now beginning to force matters. Round 4 saw a good deal of heavy work, the points being fairly even. Round 5 and last. Both men set to work in earnest, and Hanley had, if anything, the best of the opening stages, but Tait got in several heavy blows on the ribs, and the men clinched as the gong sounded. Hanley's seconds then intimated that he had injured his right wrist, and was unable to continue, and the Newcastle man was declared the winner. Mr. F. Tait ably officiated as M.C., and Mr. J. Scrafton as steward.

**BOXING CONTEST AT MERTHYR.**—Professor Patsy Perkins in the Ring.—The populous district in South Wales, of which Merthyr Tydvil is the centre, is famous for having turned out some of the finest champion boxers the world has seen, among others Patsy Perkins, who first taught "Dido" Plumb how to use the gloves when "Dido" first took to sparring in a booth in Wales. Some time ago Professor Perkins retired and went to reside at Southampton, and his advice is sought after by the best boxers of the day. Both Prosser and Jones are reserve men of the Pontypridd football team, and this was their first public performance. Prosser, we may say, has been handed over to Professor Perkins to train. The referee was Jack Raymond, of Pontypridd, who has boxed with Tom James (Aberaman), when the latter came off victorious. Since then Raymond has not "contested." Mr. Davies was timekeeper. The match commenced just after nine o'clock, following a performance on horseback by Mrs. R. Smith (née Miss Kynoch) the daughter of Mr. Kynoch, late M.P. for, Birmingham, and the head of one of the largest Government firms in the Midlands The audience cheered loudly as the men entered the ring. Having selected the gloves, Mr. Perkins said the rounds would be two minutes each. The fight then commenced. Round 1. Jones, a thick-set man, showed the best form, and at the call of "Time!" opinion was expressed that he would speedily be the victor. Round 2. Both men appeared a little winded, and Prosser seemed on the point of going down when "Time!" was called. Round 3. Jones showed first blood, and in this round Prosser seemed to have the best of it. Round 4. Both men very much exhausted. Round 5. Prosser took the audience by surprise. In the second round he seemed on the point of giving in, but in this round it was evident that Jones's strength was failing him, and the call of "Time!" came when both men were falling over the ropes. The referee then announced that Jones could not restart, and declared Prosser the winner, a decision which was received with enthusiasm.

**YOUNG WESTE, OF NEWCASTLE,** is open to box any lad at 7st 10lb that has never boxed for a purse.

**DAVE PETERS, OF CARDIFF,** wishes to state that, owing to being unable to make a match, he has gone home, but will be in London early next boxing season prepared to box any 11st man in England for £200 a-side.

(*Continued on page* 14.)



**JACK GIBSON,**
Of Gateshead, who Met Nat Smith at the Standard Theatre, Gateshead, May 7.

**NAT SMITH,**
Who Met Jack Gibson at the Standard Theatre, Gateshead, Monday Evening, May 7.

**A TALE TOO DREADFUL TO HEAR.**
Husband Tries to Close his Wife's Ears.

**TOOK HIS BOOTS OFF ON THE STAIRS,**
But Did Not Escape the Expected Lecture.

**MRS. CRONJE,**
Who has Followed her Husband into Exile.

**GENERAL CRONJE,**
The Boer Commandant, who is Now a Prisoner in the Island of St. Helena.

**HARRY ROBERTS,**
A Well-known Boxer and Second, who is Now Successfully Carrying on a Business as a Cycle Gear Case Maker in South London.

**THE LADIES WITH THE SHORT SKIRTS WERE TOO MUCH FOR THEM.**
Some Turned their Backs, while Others Left.

**J. W, RABY,**
Who was Defeated in a Three Miles Match at Halifax Cricket Ground on Monday, April 30, by A. Clarke, of Rochdale.

**BOXERS, WITH TRAINERS AND PROMOTERS.**
Walter Cooper, Tom Ireland, Jack Lewis, Coloured, Eddie Pearce, and Joe Smith.

**THE FLYING BEAUTY AT THE EXHIBITION.**
A Side Show Novelty in the Paris Exhibition, in which a Noted Beauty Floats Gracefully Through the Clouds.

*(Continued from Page 11.)*

**BENEFIT TO DAN MORRIS.**—IT is a strange thing, as showing the up-to-dateness of the times, that men, however celebrated, outlive their reputations. Were it possible for Heenan or Tom Sayers to take a benefit in their old age the proceeds would be very inconsiderable. We well remember being at Doncaster when Jem Mace was making a book. Said someone not too old to remember the brilliant fighting of Mace, "Why, there is Jem Mace." "Jem Mace! Jem Mace!" exclaimed his companion; "I don't know him, but there's Jem Smith" (pointing to that worthy, who was also making a book). Thus when men who outlive their reputations take a benefit the results are generally negative. We are not going to frank Dan Morris about the men he met and his undefeated career, but the vet. who took his benefit (?) last Thursday has played many parts both as ped. and pug., but unless you are a light of the present, "a memory of the past" does not receive the amount of veneration that he should in these days of modern boxing. Dan Morris has lived all his life at Marylebone, and though the vet. can go back in ring lore as long ago as 1847, Marylebone, as far as pugilism was concerned, was an outside borough. To be noticed and known it was essential for fighters to live at the West-end, where most of the champion fighting fraternity kept "sporting drums." Dan Morris (whose history of himself is curiously not in keeping with that given on page 14 of "Fistiana"—perhaps the remarks as there set forth are wrong) describes himself as a knuckle fighter in his day, and a fighter who had just and sufficient reason for claiming the championship. He is one of the oldest of the old school of fist fighters. Last Thursday evening there assembled at the Horns, Kennington, a fairly numerous company desirous of testifying their respect for the reputation of Dan Morris, who is still hale and hearty, and has entered his sixty-sixth year. His chief exploit, though not a fight, was the receiving of forfeit from Charlie Lynch, the intended match being for the bantam-weight championship of America, 1857. From 1855 to 1863 Morris at 8st 4lb held an unbeaten record. One of his severest fights, and perhaps the most determined of the many, was with Jack Tyson, of Marylebone, September 23, 1863, whom he beat at catch-weight for £100, after fighting 2 hours 48 min. A very fine programme was organised for the event under notice, consisting of boxing and singing. Mr. Harry Dawson was an able chairman, Mr. G. Handson ditto as stage manager, and two much-respected sportsmen, Messrs. H. Copland and Harry Brett, attended to the front of the house. A reminder of the departed glory of the prize ring was present in the persons of the famous Bob Travers and Jack Hicks. The artistes were Old Jack Bennett (the Bohemian), who sang his own song, "Hark the Bugle Sounding," "True till Death," and "Drinking"; G. Elliott, "The Irish Sailor Boy" and "Cheer Our Boys" (own composition); Percy Reeves, Tom May, Bert Atherton, Guy Elliott, Rosey Morris, and George Milburn. Three Rounds Exhibition Displays: Spooner v. "Ginger" Owen; Tom Hall v. Alf Holden. Wind-up: Arthur Lock (retired 9st 10lb champion) v. Bill Nolan.—Very interesting, and loudly applauded. Seconds, Jem Gorrie (M.C.) and Frank Lowry. Sam Morris, Jem Tyson, and Jack Hicks appeared at the close of the concert. Morris introduced his old opponent and Hicks. He thanked the company, artistes, and boxers for their patronage in a brief speech, and apologised for not sparring owing to a bad cold.

**SEEING THAT RICHARD TROUT** and Charles Goode cannot come to terms, I. C. ("Powder") Simmonds, will be only too pleased to box either if the N.S.C. or any club or gentleman will give a purse, or will box either in private, and have a good side stake on the result.

**D. MORGAN, OF PORTOBELLO,** will box A. King any time he likes at catch-weight. D. Morgan cannot get to 9st 4lb, but will box King from £5 to £20.

## TOOK HIS BOOTS OFF ON THE STAIRS.

**But Did Not Escape the Expected Lecture.**

*(Subject of Illustration.)*

AFTER a rousing evening with his pals at the club, Albert Morrison made his way home to his Peckham roost with the milk in the morning, and to avoid any disturbance and also deceive the wife of his bosom, Albert sat on the stairs in the hall to remove his boots, which would enable him to quietly climb the flight to the room above; but his better half, on hearing him enter, looked over the banisters and quietly rebuked her erring husband, who sheepishly crawled upstairs to bed.

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## NOT LOST, BUT GONE BEFORE.

### IN MEMORIAM.

**THIS WEEK WE HAVE MET WITH** a very heavy bereavement—an irreparable loss. While it lived, the sheet for which we mourn furnished us with some amount of amusement; but now all this is past. The second coming of Julius Cæsar was R. K. Fox. The Roman toga and the laurel leaves would best have suited R. K. Richard came, he saw, and he failed. The London edition of the *National Police Gazette* did not conquer our insular prejudices. The *N. P. G.* served one purpose. It made known to all whom it might concern that R. K. Fox was not an illusory person, but a creature of flesh and blood; for did not a picture of R. K. appear in almost every edition? Then were we not made known to American boxing journalism second-hand by R. K.'s first lieutenant, "Baldy." What a phlegmatic country England must be when neither the periodical portraits of R. K. Fox nor the lucubrations of Mr. Austin, otherwise "Baldy," could keep this sheet in good going order. This is a world of change. One by one the roses fall, and one by one our friends, in the vernacular of the turf, take the knock; but the untimely death of the London edition of the *National Police Gazette* has left no mourners. When a competitor in the race for public favour drops out of the competitive ranks it is a matter for exultation in some quarters, for the field becoming narrowed competition becomes less keen. There is no exultation in our heart this day. We miss the wit of "Old Sport." The trenchant writing, even though the matter was second-hand, of "Baldy," and when, oh when, shall we be favoured with another portrait of R. K. Fox? Personally we feel that we have much to answer for should we be asked that momentous question, "Who killed Cock Robin?" We should feel, however unwittingly, that we—that is, THE MIRROR OF LIFE—were responsible for the untimely demise of a paper which was unique in literature. The irreverent may say to this, "Thank Heaven!"—but we say otherwise. We are almost inclined to exclaim with the little boy in our story books,

Oh, call my brother back to me—
I cannot play alone.

Fancy last Wednesday, the 2nd, and no London edition of the *National Police Gazette!* We feel that "We have choked up the well and heaped ashes on the sward." It is a case of the Darwinian theory—"the survival of the fittest"; but we almost wish that we could bring the dead to life and see the defunct sheet once more in our midst, "Baldy" instructing a British public from a second-hand American standpoint, and last, but not least, the periodical portraiture of R. K. Fox in the centre of celebrities.

Toll for the sheet—the sheet that is no more,
That made poor running, neither could it score—
That sheet which was to give creation socks,
And show what sort of man was R. K. Fox.
"Fain would I rise, but that I fear to fall,"
Thus Raleigh cried, and wrote it on the wall.
Fox did not fear, he did not think to drop;
He thought the *Police Gazette* would come on top.
Nought so became this sheet as its demise,
A FOX is crafty, but not always wise.

"Requiescat in Pace."

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ADVT.

**THE ROYAL MILITARY TOURNAMENT** will start at the Agricultural Hall on the 18th inst.

**MR. FRED MILLER, THE POPULAR** manager of the Paragon, announces the celebration of the fifteenth anniversary on the 17th inst. A tremendous programme containing the names of the very best is being prepared.

**ALEC HURLEY HAS RETURNED TO** town, and is going as strong as ever with his celebrated monologue, "The Lambeth Walk." It is a big feature in the programme at the Parthenon, Greenwich, and is sung to tremendous applause.

**MISS MARIE LLOYD, EUGENE** Stratton, Harry Randall, George Robey, Tom Leamore, Pat Rafferty, Will Evans, Harry Tate, Miss Constance Moxon, Miss Alice Lloyd, and charming Miss Emily Rafferty (clever daughter of a clever father) are some of the turns in a truly gigantic programme at Collins's.

**AT THE ROYAL FRED RUSSELL** and his little coster friend are enthusiastically received. Sebaldus Schaffer's adroit juggling is a most effective feature; the turns contributed by Miss Madge Ellis, Blade Murray, the marvellous Craggs, and others are also highly appreciated, and receive their full measure of applause.

**A FIRST-CLASS ITEM IN THE** capital and varied programme at the Queen's, Poplar, is the sketch entitled "The King's Highway," with the popular Australian actor, Frank Gerald, in the part of Dick Turpin (played by him over 500 times). The sketch contains four scenes, and is elaborately dressed and mounted. Capital varieties are contributed by Miss Julie Mackey, Miss Dora Lyric, Will Toole, Sisters Dacre, Miss Rose Hamilton, and others.

**"THE ENEMY OF MAN" IS THE** title of a well-constructed sketch now playing at the Royal Standard. Miss Fannie Leslie, Tom White and Co., the Leonards, clever little Ida Heath, and good old Pat Rafferty with his "Irish Fusiliers" song are all going well and strong. Mr. Manager F. Law's fifth complimentary benefit takes place on the 16th inst. A big bill on that occasion.

**THE PALACE THEATRE PRO-**gramme is an attractive one. A capital company is headed by the genial Herbert Campbell, who is warbling some quaint ditties; a charming young lady described as La Sylphe indulges in a dance of a startling order; the Tiller Troupe sing well and move their feet with good effect; Cliff Ryland and his cigar of "Adam and Eve" brand, and some new pictures shown through the medium of the Biograph are some of the tit-bits in a very lengthy programme.

**MR. DUNDAS SLATER HAS ADDED** many new items to the already atttractive programme at the Alhambra, perhaps the most novel being that of "The American Choir Girl," a young lady possessing a remarkably sweet and characteristic voice, who sings from an organ loft assisted by a full choir and organ. A new and interesting series of animated photographs from the front are being shown, and Les Minstrels Parisiens are also appearing, also Les Dartos, the Tourbillon dancers, who created such a huge success at this house last season.

**THE OXFORD PROGRAMME IS A** strong one and contains a long list of star turns. Dan Leno, with chalk and blackboard, illustrates his lecture on man with some lightning touches; Miss Lil Hawthorne, assisted by a sweet-voiced boy in the front of the house, sings a song with an ear haunting refrain; Chirgwin, in khaki, is a big turn; G. W. Hunter, fresh from Australian triumphs, trots out yarns new and old; Binns and Binns, a couple of tramps, perform on a variety of instruments; Fred Walton and Miss Edith Bruce rattle through a funny but most improbable sketch, Harry Freeman sings anent the fourpenny half-penny banquet at Lipton's, Arthur Reece warbles advice to ladies, bonnie Miss Wentworth still holds first place as a picturesque coon, and Bransby Williams, Sisters Levey, and many others contribute acceptable items.

DAVE.

## THEY FELL OUT AT THE WAKE,

**But Harmony was Restored when They Floored the Chief Mourner.**

*(Subject of Illustration.)*

THE party met for the purpose of paying the last respects to the dead, but Mr. O'Brien took exception to sundry remarks by Mrs. Sullivan, and when Patrick Mahoney stepped in the fun became lively and a bit mixed. O'Brien seized the whisky jug, and was about to place that article over the head of Susan Sullivan, but Mahoney came to the rescue and floored O'Brien with a straight left on the jaw, dropping that gentleman with his jug to the floor. Somebody else hit Mahoney, and the brave Susan finished up with a hair-pulling contest with her sister Jane, so that it was some time before harmony was restored, and with terms of endearment they buried the hatchet.

## LIVED A CAT AND DOG LIFE.

**The Husband Tried to Get a Separation Order.**

*(Subject of Illustration.)*

How to live happy although married would be a useful lesson to Mrs. Burking—she who had sworn to love, honour, and obey the husband of her choice; but a few sweet weeks of married life altered that lady's temper, and her conduct became so violent and aggressive that the head of the family was compelled to call upon the powers that be for advice, and see if he could not procure an order for separation from such a shrew. On one occasion this lady tied him to a chair, and while helpless lugged and tugged his curly hair, and otherwise maltreated him.

## TED MARLOW.

**Who met Jack Woods at the N.S.C., Monday, May 7.**

*(With Portrait.)*

TED MARLOW is one of the most prominent boxers in the Eastern suburbs of London. The Stratford lad has defeated Jack Parkins, "Snowball," "Ponk" Andrews, Bill Pike, Bill Roberts, George Gent, Tom Phillips, A. Levy, Bert Smith, and Jem Barry, of St. James's, besides winning an N.S.C. 8st competition. Beat Ben Smith in 4rds; beat Jem Barry in 10rds; met Jem Barry again, draw 12rds; beat Ben Clarke, 2rds; beat Tom Ireland, 20rds: beat Jem Barry, 20rds; beaten by Bill Chester, 1rd; met Jack Woods at the N.S.C., May 7, and defeated him in 3rds.

## JACK GIBSON, OF GATESHEAD,

**Who Met Nat Smith at the Standard Theatre, Gateshead, May 7.**

*(With Portrait.)*

JACK GIBSON was born at Gateshead on June 25, 1873. He commenced his career by winning a couple of amateur competitions. Beat T. Murphy in 7rds. He met a boxer of the name of Taylor, and won in 3rds. Beaten by Arthur Beattie, 12rds Beat Fred Bibby, of London, in 3rds, and then he beat Johnson, of Stockton, 11rds. Three private contests at Thompson's saloon next fell to his lot. Knocked out Ritson, the Pitmen's Champion, 1rd. Beat Tommy Murphy, of Newcastle, 6rds. Met Nat Smith, May 7, and won in 14rds.

**SID HOWE, LEADING SEAMAN,** H.M.S. Hero, Portsmouth, hearing that Tom Skinner styles himself Champion of the Navy, will box him ten or fifteen rounds and have a good side bet if any club in London will give a purse.

**BOXING IN THE EAST.—JOE** Wyatt, of Romford, beat Jack Allen, of Spitalfields, in six rounds at Tyne Hall, Ilford, on Friday, May 4, 1900, for the 6st 6lb championship of Essex. Wyatt, who was much stouter and more weight, had hard trouble to beat the Spitalfields lad.

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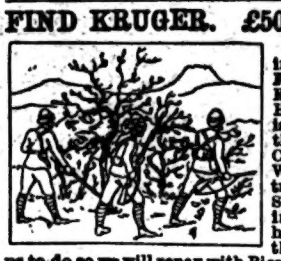

We offer £500 in REWARDS FOR FINDING KRUGER'S HEAD, which is concealed in this picture. Can you find it? We want to introduce SYMONDS' TEA in every household, and to those who help us to do so we will repay with Bicycles, Watches, Silverware, Jewellery, &c. We give real £14 14s. BICYCLES, and other articles of true value.

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Two or three bottles will cure those ugly pimples on the face.
Three bottles will cure the worst cases of canker in the mouth and stomach.
One to three bottles will cure all humours in the eyes.
Three to five bottles will cure salt-rheum.
Six bottles will cure the worst cases of dropsy.
Three to six bottles will cure dyspepsia in its worst state.
Five to seven bottles will cure that dreadful disease, scrofula.
Three to four bottles will cleanse your system of boils.
Three to four bottles have cured the worst cases of erysipelas.
One bottle will cure nursing sore mouth.
Three to six bottles will literally dig up and drive from your blood all hidden humour.
One to three bottles will regulate the bowels.
One bottle will remove webs and dots before the eyes, and cure dizziness, &c.
Three or four bottles will cure the worst cases of piles.
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One bottle will cure wakefulness and lack of energy.
Four to five bottles will cure liver complaint.
One bottle will give you a hearty appetite and increased digestion.
A benefit is always seen from the first bottle, and a cure is certain where the directions are followed.
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No change of diet is ever necessary; eat as good as you can get, and all you want of it.
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